BEAUTY LENDS THE BRAVE A HELPING HAND

An injured flying-officer finds progress on earth somewhat halting, but with the aid of two sticks and the helping hand of V.A.D. Nurse Sheila Annesley he will surely arrive at his destination without a forced landing! The procedure with a wounded R.A.F. officer is to send him first to hospital, and then, if his case calls for special treatment, he is transferred, when well enough, to a luxury hotel converted into a convalescent home. Here he recuperates under ideal conditions before returning to battle.

Photo, Fox

The Strange Case of Rudolf Hess

Filled with surprises as it has been, the war has provided no more strange, indeed amazing, occurrence than the arrival in Scotland of Rudolf Hess, Nazi Germany's Deputy Fuehrer. Below we give the bare outline of a series of events hardly to be paralleled in history—a chapter which we have many reasons to suppose is not yet ended.

RUDOLF HESS—"Nazi No. 3," as he is called, since he held the position of Deputy Fuehrer and had been designated by Herr Hitler as his successor after Goering—baled out from a Messerschmitt and descended by parachute on to a field some eight miles south-west of Glasgow soon after dark on the evening of Saturday, May 10. His plane crashed in flames 200 yards away and was burnt out; he himself suffered nothing worse than a broken ankle, and was already disentangling himself from his parachute harness when he was hailed by a Scottish peasant, David McLean, who helped him into his cottage (see page 549).

"I have been in the air for four hours," he told his captors. "I left Germany in a Messerschmitt. Although I am a skilled pilot I am really a German military officer."

Then he produced a map on which was drawn a thick blue line, showing his course from Augsburg, in Southern Germany, across the North Sea to Dungavel, which was ringed round in blue. He had followed his course with such accuracy that he actually landed within 12 miles from what was apparently his destination—the seat of the Duke of Hamilton, and Hess told his captors that he had come with a special message for the Duke. He was thereupon removed to hospital under escort, and the Duke, who has been serving with the R.A.F. since the outbreak of war, flew to Scotland and identified the prisoner. Later it was announced that Hess had met the Duke in Berlin in 1936, when as the Marquess of Clydesdale he was attending the Olympic Games. During the past few months he had addressed letters to the Duke, which the Duke had not answered, but handed over immediately to the Security Department of the Government. After the identification, the Duke made a report to the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Fighter Command, Air Marshal W. Sholto Douglas, and was instructed to come south to London to give a personal account of the interview.

By now the Prime Minister had been informed, and although, as he himself confessed later, he did not at first believe the story, he ordered an official of the Foreign Office—Mr. Ivone Kirkpatrick, who had known Hess when he was Counsellor of the British Embassy in Berlin, to proceed to Scotland to interview the prisoner. He identified him at once beyond a doubt. This was on the Sunday.

Early in the evening of the next day there came an enigmatic announcement over the German wireless.

"It is officially announced by the National-Socialist Party" (reported Reuter), "that Party Member Rudolf Hess, who, as he was suffering from an illness of some years' standing had been strictly forbidden to embark on any further flying activity, was able, contrary to this command, again to come into possession of an aeroplane. On Saturday, May 10, at about 6 p.m., Rudolf Hess again set off on a flight from Augsburg, from which he has not so far returned.

"A letter which he left behind unfortunately shows by its distractedness traces of a mental disorder, and it is feared that he was a victim of hallucinations . . . In these circumstances it must be considered that Party Member Hess either jumped out of his aeroplane or has met with an accident."

The route taken by Hess on his 800-mile journey from Augsburg to Scotland suggests how he tried to avoid possible contact with British fighters.

This was the first news of the occurrence which had as yet reached the wider world. A few hours later—at 11.20 p.m.—there came a statement from No. 10 Downing Street.

"Rudolf Hess, the Deputy Fuehrer of Germany, and Party Leader of the National-Socialist Party, has landed in Scotland in the following circumstances.

"On the night of Saturday, the 10th inst., a Messerschmitt 110 was reported by our patrols to have crossed the coast of Scotland and to be flying in the direction of Glasgow. Since an Me 110 would not have the fuel to return to Germany this report was at first disbelieved. However, later on an Me 110 crashed near Glasgow, with its guns unloaded. Shortly afterwards a German officer who had baled out was found with his parachute in the neighbourhood, suffering from a broken ankle.

"He was taken to hospital in Glasgow, where he at first gave his name as Horn, but later on declared that he was Rudolf Hess. He brought with him various photographs of himself at different ages, apparently in order to establish his identity. These photographs were deemed to be photographs of Hess by several people who knew him personally. Accordingly an officer of the Foreign Office who was closely acquainted with Hess before the war has been sent up by aeroplane to see him in hospital."

At 2 a.m. the next morning, Tuesday, May 13, it was stated that the identification had been established beyond all doubt.

The news of the Deputy Fuehrer's arrival in Scotland was received with amazement in Britain and, indeed, throughout the world; but in Germany with something more—with consternation and dread, as is proved by the succession of "explanations" which followed during the next few days. On the Monday night, as we have seen, the Fuehrer's Deputy was reported to be suffering from hallucinations, and was believed to have lost his life. When the British Government announced that Hess was in Scotland the German story changed. On May 13 the Nazis announced that perusal of the papers left behind by Rudolf Hess revealed that he laboured under the delusion that a step taken on his personal initiative with Englishmen whom he knew would lead to an understanding between Germany and Britain.

That same night it was evident that Goebbels had thought again. Over the wireless, Hans Fritsche, leading Nazi radio commentator, declared that there was hardly a German who was not deeply shocked by the news concerning the tragic fate of a man who, "thanks to his tremendous energy and will-power, succeeded in postponing for a number of years the consequences of a wound he sustained in the last war." Providing he had not fallen into a British trap, Hess was obviously a victim of his idealism and hallucinations when he boarded the plane to impress on the English that the war was as good as lost for Britain, and that its continuation could only result in increasing British losses. "It was really madness to think that it would be possible to convince that clique of warmongers who have been preparing an assault on Germany for a long time. They cannot be persuaded by any logical reasoning, but only by the hard blows of German arms. It is to be regretted that Party Member Hess fell into the hands of that pitiless, despicable band . . ."

Goebbels Changes the Tune

Wednesday came, and once again Goebbels changed his tune. Now it was declared that Hess was a comparatively unimportant person; his title of Deputy Fuehrer was only a courtesy one, Goering being Hitler's real deputy. For long Minister Rudolf Hess had been suffering from a disease, and the limitations of his working capacity had been recognized by Hitler, who relieved him progressively from his extensive duties. "Notwithstanding all this, the gradual disruption of his organisms has now led to an open outbreak of mental disturbance, as is always the case with such diseases."

Meanwhile in Britain it was made known that Hess was recovering in body and cheerful in mind, and was "talking freely." That last phrase sounded ominous in Nazi ears—as well it might—and so there came a statement that Hess was not informed of the plans of the High Command, although he knew enough to know that an extension of the German-British war would only bring about the complete destruction of Britain . . .

The state of mind of the German public can well be imagined. On Monday they were told that Hess, the Fuehrer's agent, friend and comrade, the "seagreen incorruptible" of the Nazi Revolution, had suddenly taken off into the blue, and was presumed a suicide. On Tuesday he was revealed as a man who had long been suffering from mental trouble and was getting madder and madder, and had been dabbling in astrology—yet as recently as April 20 he was chosen to broadcast birthday greetings to the Fuehrer, and on May 1 had given a stirringly patriotic address to the workers in the Messerschmitt factory at Augsburg! On Wednesday he was a deluded pacifist who wanted to save not Germany but Britain from the results of her own warmongering!

Meanwhile Britain's propagandists, after a feeble start, had now taken off the gloves. "We treat Hess merely as a Nazi who saw the writing on the wall and got out while the going was good," the Germans were told. "*If you knew as much as Hess knows, you would probably also get out if you could.*"

Has Nazi No. 3 Seen the Red Light?

RUDOLF HESS, in the plane, with his wife and Herr Loerzer, President of the Flying Sport Association. The three photographs above are of Hess, seated next to Goebbels and Hitler at a meeting of Nazi leaders; Hess with his master at another Nazi Party gathering; and Hess with Hitler in prison at Landsberg in 1923 (left centre). From the origin of Nazism Hess and Hitler have been inseparable friends, and closely associated with all the activities of their evil regime.

Photos, Keystone, Associated Press, Topical, Planet News

What a Task Was the R.A.F.'s in Greece!

With only a limited number of planes and very few landing-fields, the R.A.F. were severely handicapped from the very start of the campaign in the Balkans. Yet they put up a most gallant fight against tremendous odds. It would make a thrilling tale, but as yet only a little can be said.

WHEN, without the slightest provocation, Mussolini attacked the Greeks in October 1940, some R.A.F. squadrons, which had been fighting for six months past in the Western Desert of Egypt, moved at once to Greece. It was only a small force, but even so it was too big for the few aerodromes that were available. As new bases were built the R.A.F. in Greece gradually increased, but it never approached anything like the strength of either of the air forces which Italy and Germany flung into the fight.

Our airmen quickly settled down, and carried out their first bombing raid only six days after the Italians began their invasion. It was a hard winter, and the flying conditions experienced by our pilots were almost beyond description. Nevertheless, the ports and aerodromes occupied by the Italians were consistently hammered with a view to relieving the pressure on the Greek Army holding their line high up in the mountains.

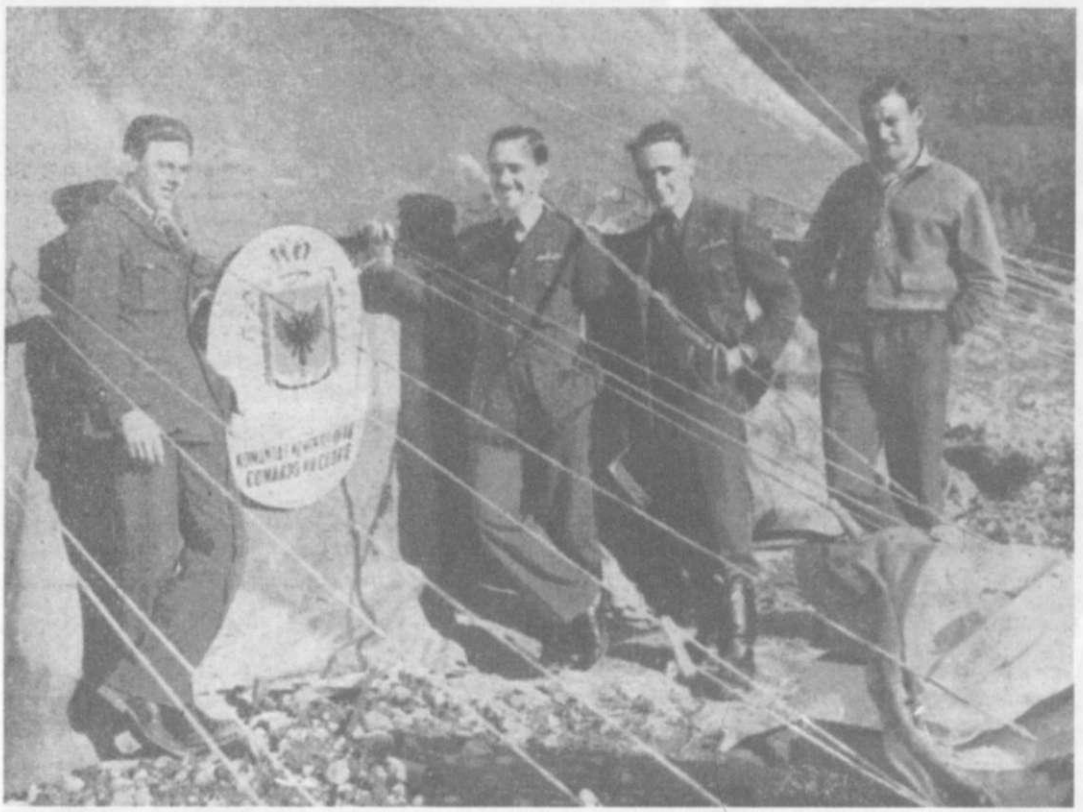
Early in November the first British fighter squadron arrived, and though it was equipped only with Gladiators, they immediately made their presence felt. On the very day of their arrival in Greece the squadron carried out offensive patrols, and, discovering the enemy in great force, shot down eight, as well as damaging many others. Altogether this squadron accounted for more than 100 Italian and German aircraft before they left Greece. February 28 was their greatest day, when a small force encountered successive enemy formations, and in a battle that raged over the whole length of Albania shot down 28 Italians. Towards the end of the campaign there was a great air battle over Athens, in which the same squadron sent 20 Nazis hurtling to destruction.

After six months' arduous fighting the R.A.F. bombers in Greece had carried out more than 300 raids, and had destroyed in the air nearly 300 enemy aircraft, besides damaging a huge number in the air and on the ground.

For months the R.A.F. and their allies of the Greek Air Force maintained their supremacy over the Italians—whose air force was, indeed, literally beaten to the ground. Then, in April, Germany came to her partner's rescue, and once again our pilots met the enemy in the air. When Yugoslavia went down before the German onslaught, our bombers and big Sunderland flying-boats were given the job of rescuing important personages, including young King Peter, from the stricken kingdom, soon after.

When the Nazis turned the Allied flank and the British had to withdraw to a new line, the R.A.F. suffered the most severe blow of the campaign. They were forced back to only two or three bases and a few odd temporary landing-grounds that they had used at the opening of the campaign. All the new aerodromes which had been built at such labour and expense were lost, or were too close to the enemy lines to be used. The Luftwaffe concentrated in particular on the Larissa flying field, smashing it up and destroying many grounded planes; and on one day alone wave after wave of Nazi fighters swooped down and machine-gunned the airfields at Niamata, Volos, Almeros, and Paramyathe, and put them out of action.

The R.A.F. carried on, although the enemy hammered continuously our few remaining bases and it became impossible to obtain a replacement of aircraft shot down. Those that did arrive were shot up on the ground. All the same, aircraft—even planes officially described as unserviceable—took off all the time, and inflicted great damage on the advancing enemy.



BRITISH AIRMEN IN GREECE with an Italian trophy outside their mess. The photograph is a reminder of the days when our airmen completely worsted Mussolini's air force. In more than 300 raids, during the first six months of the Italian campaign against Greece, the R.A.F. brought down about 300 Fascist planes. When Germany came to her ally's aid our men and machines, vastly outnumbered, were forced to withdraw; but they did splendid work in making the British evacuation the success it was. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Then came the order for the Forces of the Empire to be withdrawn, and the R.A.F. rose to the emergency, playing an outstanding part in getting the Imperial troops safely away from Greece. Although heavily outnumbered, the British fighters guarded a continuous stream of ships that came back and forth to Greece, and by day and by night aircraft of every type, bombers and flying-boats, even training machines and civil planes, were packed to capacity with human cargoes, which they flew to safety and returned again for more.

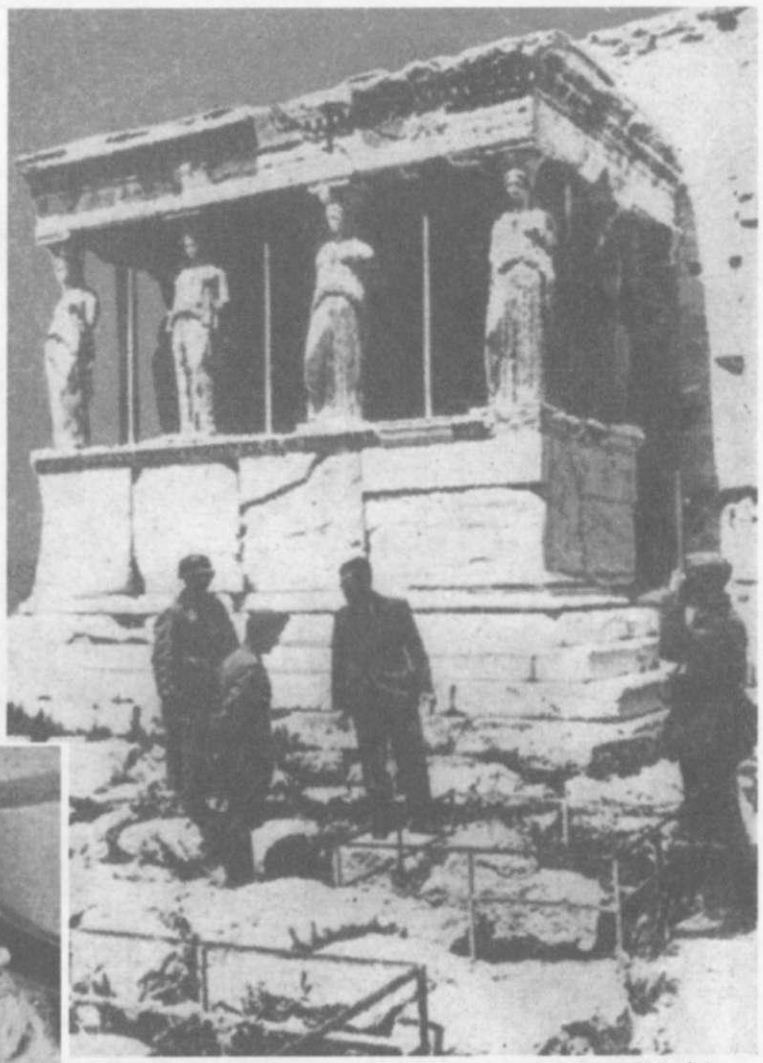
R.A.F. personnel suffered the greatest hardships on their way to the embarkation points. "I saw many of them," said Reuter's Special Correspondent, "tramping along the roadside carrying what kit they could, still wearing their flying uniforms and boots. Most of their transport had been smashed up by the Luftwaffe and made unusable.

"While I was waiting in the woods for embarkation, I found a batch of some 30 aircraftmen. They were without rations and worn out—sleeping on the ground. They had marched about 150 miles across the mountains and valleys to contact the main British forces. While they were hiding in this spot, German bombers came over and unloaded sticks of bombs, one of which dropped in the middle of the R.A.F. party, killing four and wounding many others. Their comrades helped to carry the wounded on board ship. One died at sea."

Many were the lone, heroic deeds of our airmen, fighting against such terrible odds. They paid heavily for their service to their comrades of the ground, but to the end their spirit was unbroken. At the end of the campaign they had only one cry: "Give us the planes and we can really do something."

Hitlerism Pollutes the Fount of Freedom

GERMAN ALPINE TROOPS about to plant the swastika on Mount Olympus in cold and bleak weather. So came the flag of bestial terrorism to the mythical throne of the gods and the cradle of human civilization.



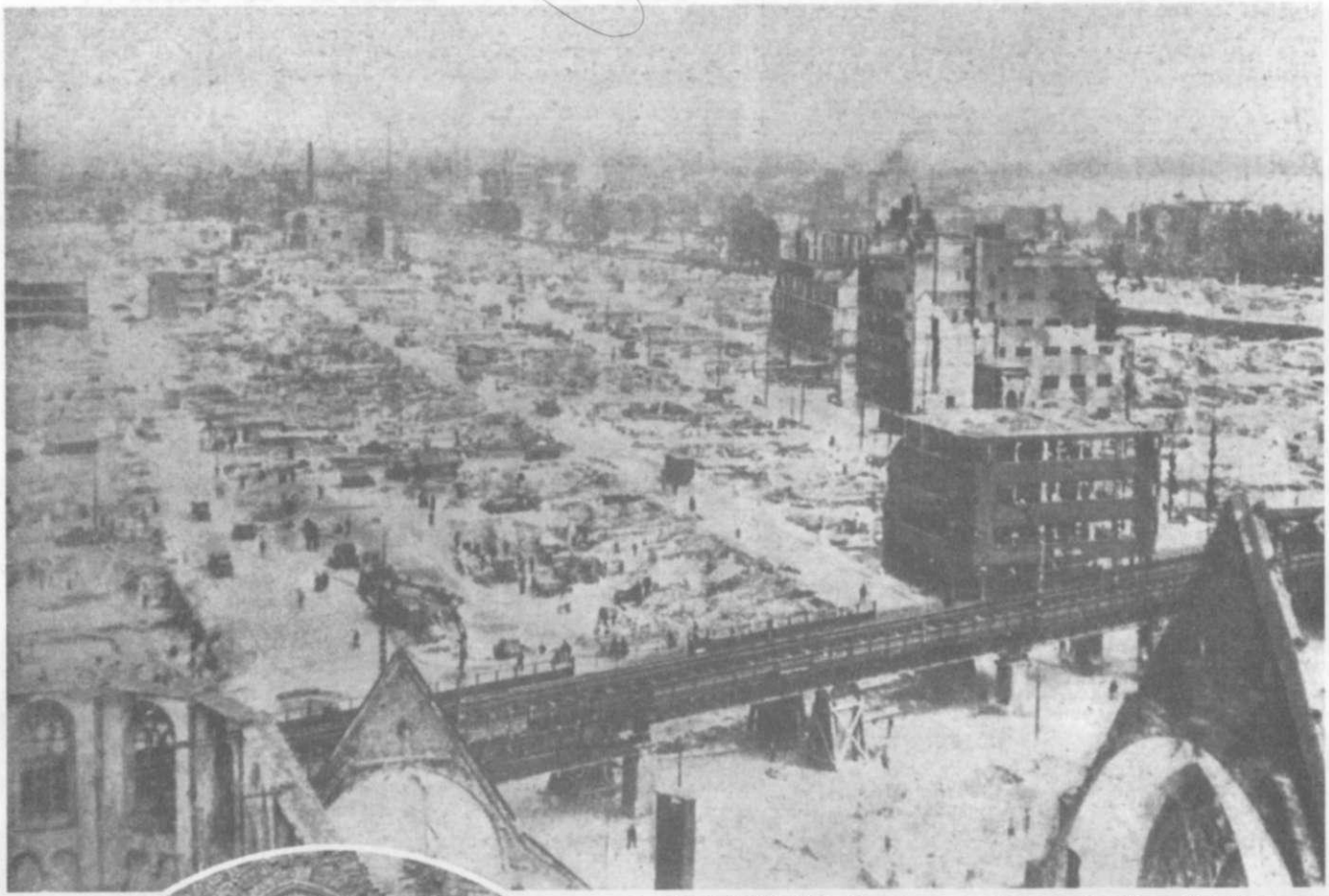
THE ERECHTHEION'S CARYATIDES on the famous Acropolis in Athens look down impassively on Hitler's robots. The Germans entered the Greek capital on April 27, the first troops to arrive being a contingent of motor-cyclists at 9.35 in the morning.

The Mayor of Athens, on the left, and the Commander of the city's forces (centre) surrender the Greek capital to a German army officer, seen on the right. The Gestapo has already begun its sinister work in Greece.

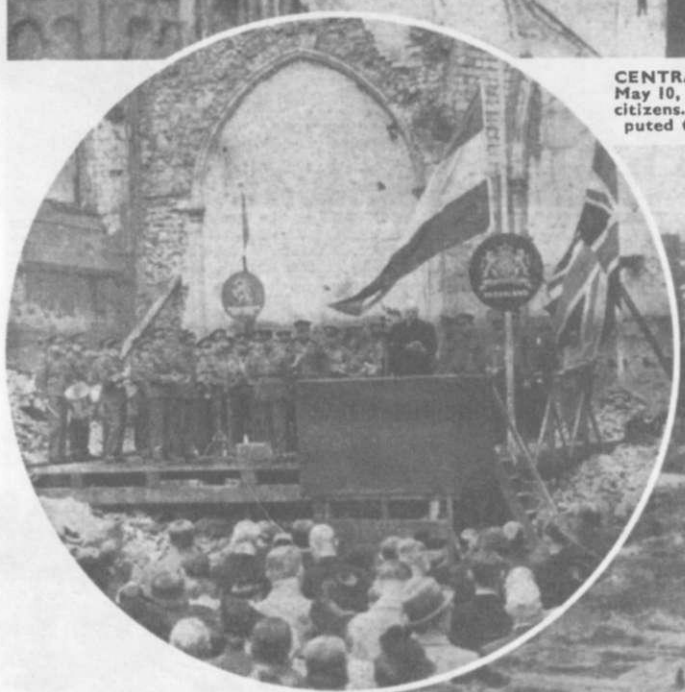
Fighting against overwhelming odds in men and machines, these Greek soldiers were captured by German Alpine troops in the mountains. Under a Nazi guard they await the prison camp, there to remain until Hellas rises free once more.

Photos, Keystone, Associated Press

Hitler's 'Living Room' Was Holland's Dying Space



CENTRAL ROTTERDAM after the week of German bombing which began on May 10, 1940. Whole streets were obliterated in this attack on peaceful Dutch citizens. Beneath: General view of what was a residential district. It is computed that 30,000 men, women and children were massacred in this holocaust.



HOLLAND'S PREMIER, Prof. Gerbrandy, speaking from amid the ruins of the bombed Dutch church, Austin Friars, London, on May 11, 1941—the first anniversary of the Nazi invasion of Holland. His voice was carried across the seas to the Dutch East Indies. Queen Wilhelmina and Prince Bernhard were present at the ceremony, and in the evening the Queen broadcast to the Dutch people. "Hitler has succeeded in invading Dutch territory; he has never succeeded in invading the Dutch spirit," she said.

Photos, Wide World, Keystone

Trophy of Victory Brings No Peace to Germany

THE COMPIEGNE SALOON CAR in which the Armistice of November 1918 was signed, and which was used theatrically by Hitler for imposing the humiliating terms on France on June 21, 1940, is now being exhibited in Berlin's Lustgarten to aid the War Winter Help Fund. As they pay their marks Berliners must be wondering why the war that was to be over in 1940 is to be prolonged yet another winter. The trophy of Hitler's temporary destruction of France is seen against the banners of paganism and the modern Renaissance cathedral built between 1894 and 1905.

Photo, Associated Press

Britain's Sky-Soldiers Learn Their Job

Britain's Parachute Force first went into action on February 10, 1941, when a number of parachutists were dropped in Southern Italy (see page 217), but for long beforehand they were in training. At first the Force was shrouded in official secrecy, but recently a number of interesting details have been revealed.

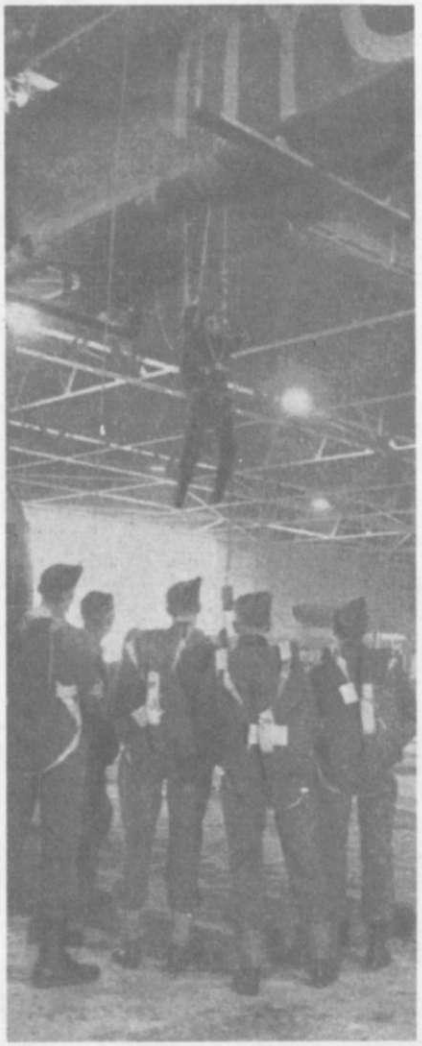
ONE, two, three, four . . . one after the other the parachutists sit dangling their legs on the edge of the hatch, then, with a second or so to separate them, drop into space to meet the earth, which seems to be hurtling towards them with terrifying speed. Hardly have they left the plane when their parachutes open—automatically—and the men hit the ground. In a second they have disengaged themselves, struggled to their feet, rushed towards the container carrying their equipment which another parachute, not white like theirs but coloured, has dropped close by, and in a trice they are on the warpath armed to the teeth with Tommy-guns and Brens, pistols and rifles.

They are tough fellows, these men of Britain's Parachute Force—tough, but not "toughs." They are all volunteers and of all ages from 19 to 30, though 24 to 25 is the most favoured, as then, while they have lost the foolhardiness of youth, their bodies are still supple and full of spring. For the most part they are small and wiry in physique, and they must be quick in thought as well as quick on the trigger. They must be utterly and completely reckless, filled with courage and inspired by a cold-blooded resolution. They must be able to work as individuals, as well as members of a team. All are soldiers of the British Army, although quite a number are Australians and New Zealanders by birth. In civilian life they followed a variety of occupations. Some were big-game shots and explorers, others were racing motorists and dirt-track riders; some were steeplejacks, athletes, boxers; some were miners, clerks, salesmen, or youngsters of independent means.

To become a parachutist a man has to be very carefully "vetted" before he is selected. Physical training is the first essential, and this training is rigorous. All the normal work found in Army P.T. is done, but special emphasis is laid on exercises which demand dash and boldness and cultivate an aptitude for rough and tumble. The men have already learnt how to use a soldier's weapons, and now they are taught how to fight unarmed, ju-jitsu and the rest. They are taught how to read maps and find their way by the stars and through strange country by eye and ear without asking questions which might betray them (although linguists are welcome, and the recruits are eager to study modern languages—German in particular). Then, of course, they learn how to jump—first from a tower, next through a dummy fuselage set up in a hangar, then from a cradle attached to a barrage balloon, and finally from a plane.

The "team" have to learn to make their exit as quickly and with as small an interval as possible, and when this has been mastered they learn the drill of entering the aircraft, taking up position, acting on signals, and the packing and unpacking of containers.

Then they have to learn not only how to jump but how to land safely, without breaking a limb. The art of rolling backwards and forwards is studied and practised, so that, given reasonable conditions, a trained man need have no fear of twists and sprains. When doing the real thing the jump will probably have to be made from less than 500 feet.



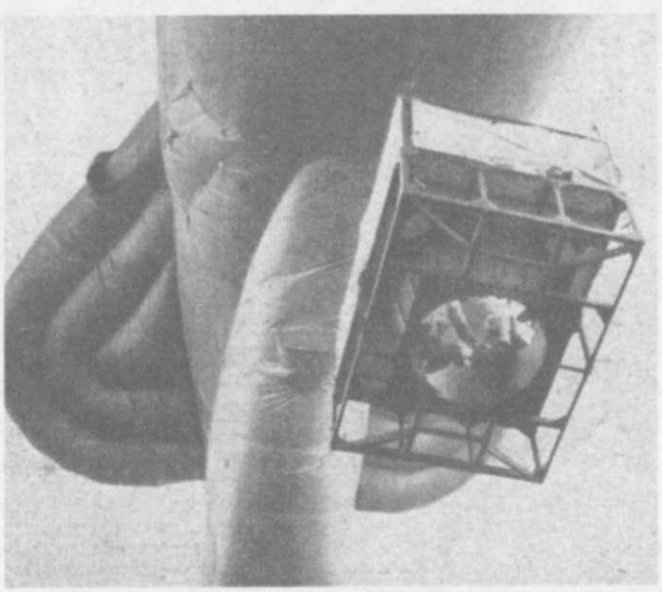
Equipped for Emergency

Our parachutists wear ordinary infantry uniform, with a gabardine jacket and short trunks to prevent their equipment fouling the hatch through which they have to drop; they have flying helmets equipped with rubber protection for the neck and back of the head, and they also have rubber knee caps and anklets. Their boots are laced, with rubber soles and heels, and the latter are reinforced with a special rubber strip to take the shock in landing. The heels do not contain springs, as is sometimes supposed. The men also carry emergency rations, packed in two waterproof packages which fit neatly into the two halves of the mess-tin.

The parachutist must be an expert on his own parachute equipment, on its fitting, adjustment and operation, since a badly fitted harness may cause injury when the parachute opens. He must be able to release himself from it quickly, and learn how it may best be concealed. He must also be able to operate his chute in the air; he can, to some extent, direct it and prevent it from swinging in a gusty wind. This needs skill and practice; and the elementary stages are done in a hangar, the pupil swinging from beams and going through the motions under the eye of an instructor. A "stick" of parachutists are required to come down within 40 yards from each other.

Troop-carrying aeroplanes from which the men are decanted are Armstrong-Whitworth Whitleys, Vickers Wellingtons and Avro Ansons, each type carrying about 10 parachutists. The Whitleys and Wellingtons are long-range heavy bombers and the Anson is used largely for coastal reconnaissance.

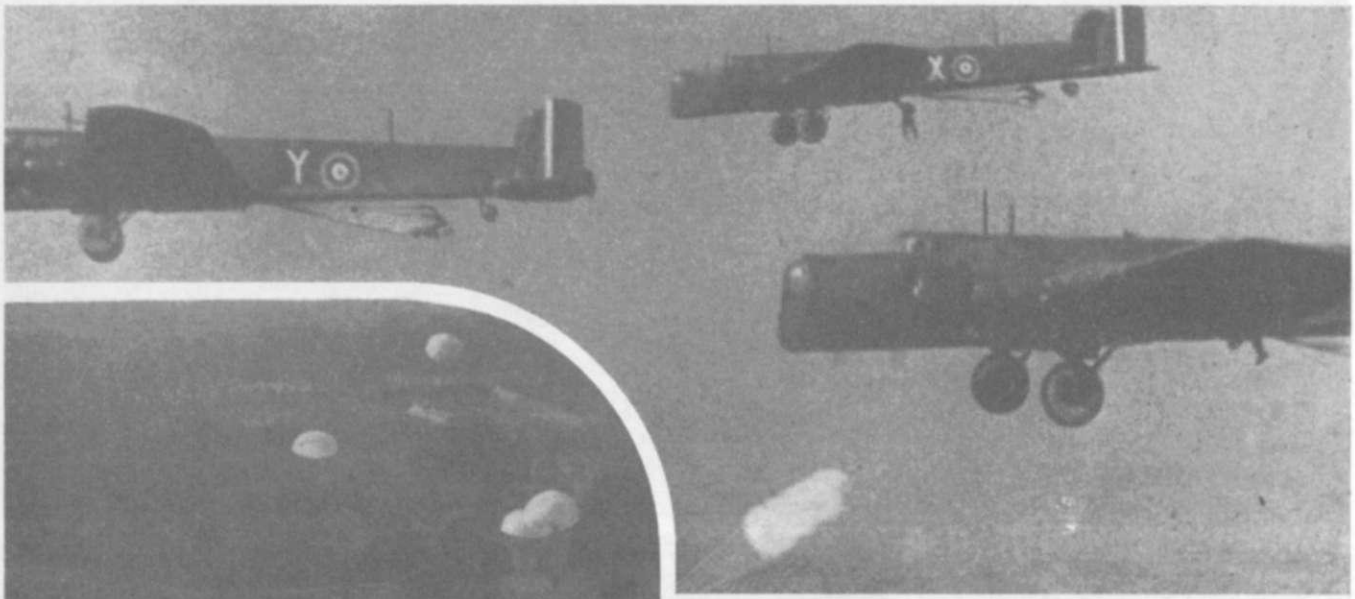
What is it that makes a man want to be a parachutist? It can hardly be the pay, although by British Army standards this is quite good—from 8s. a day when in training, and £1 a day when fully qualified. Rather it is the exciting life which appeals to them after the monotonous routine of the parade ground and barrack life. Many of them went through Dunkirk, and have been "a bit fed up" since. Now that they wear that badge of a white parachute between light blue wings on a khaki background, they've got excitement and plenty of it.

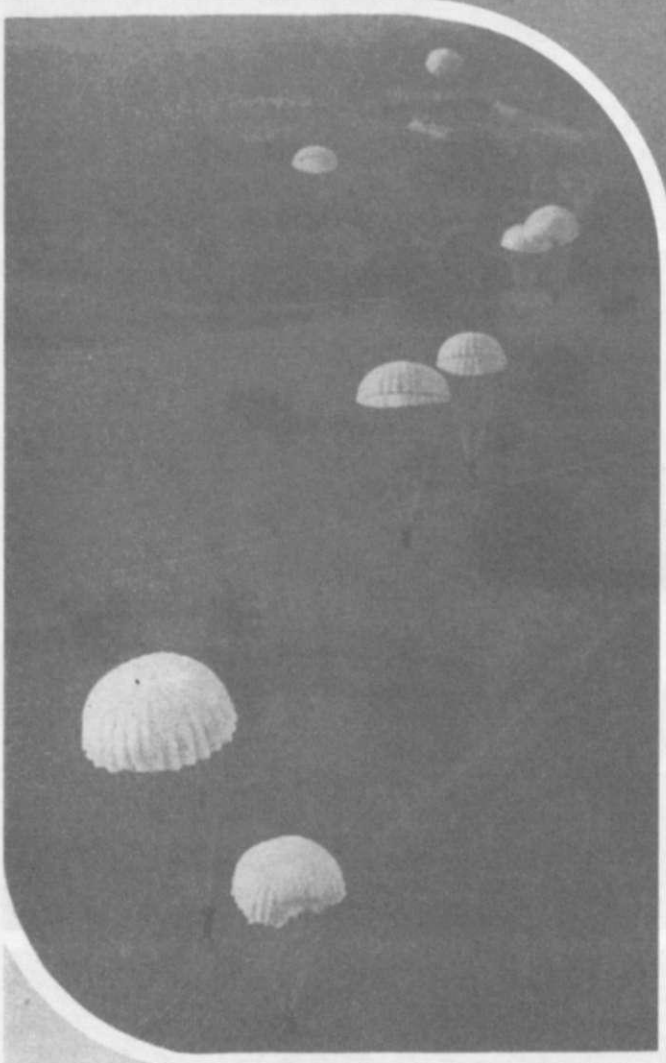


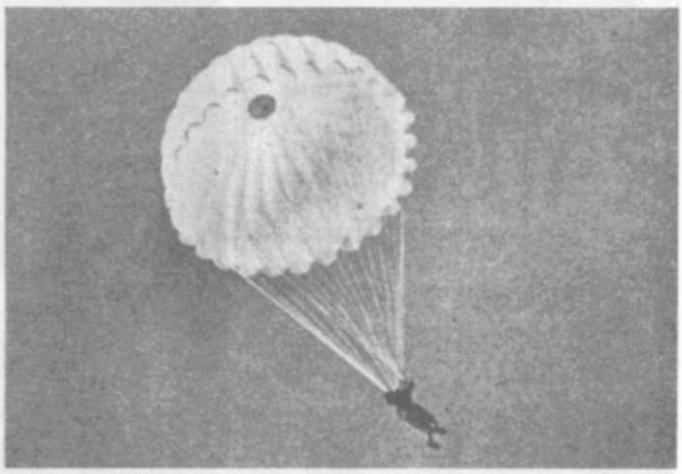
Paratroops about to descend from a captive balloon, and, top, a soldier is seen dropping from a dummy fuselage. So gradual is their training that they are able to face the first "jump" from an aeroplane as a matter of course.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

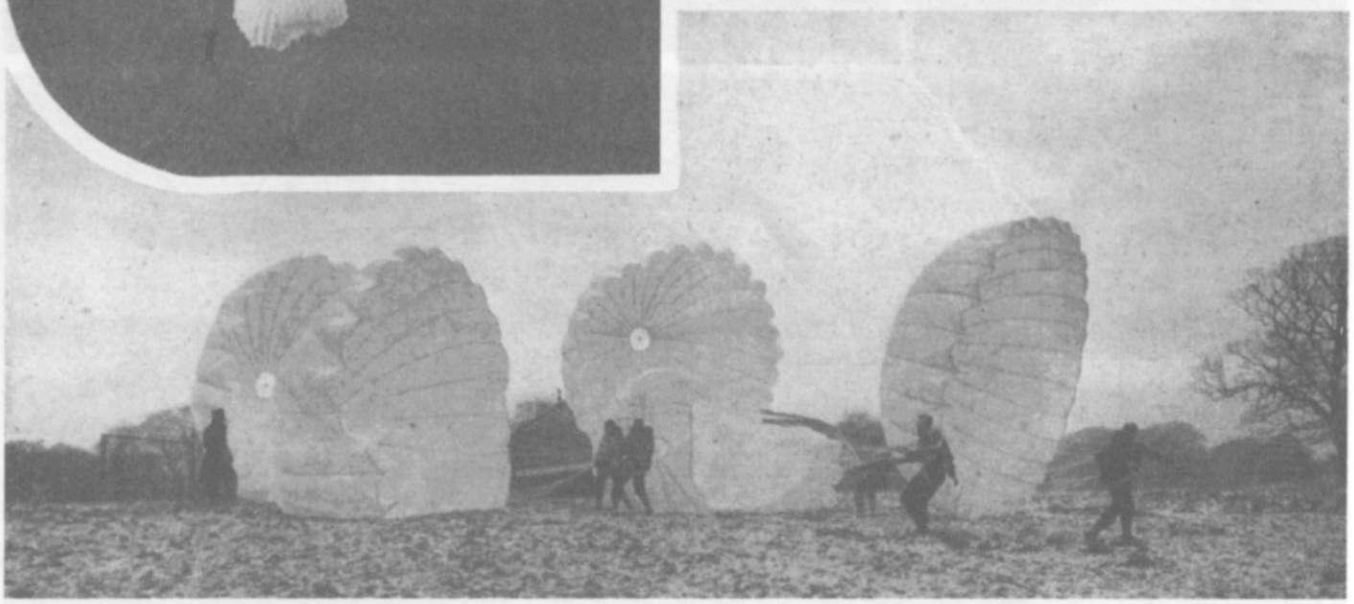
Beating the Nazis at Their Own Game







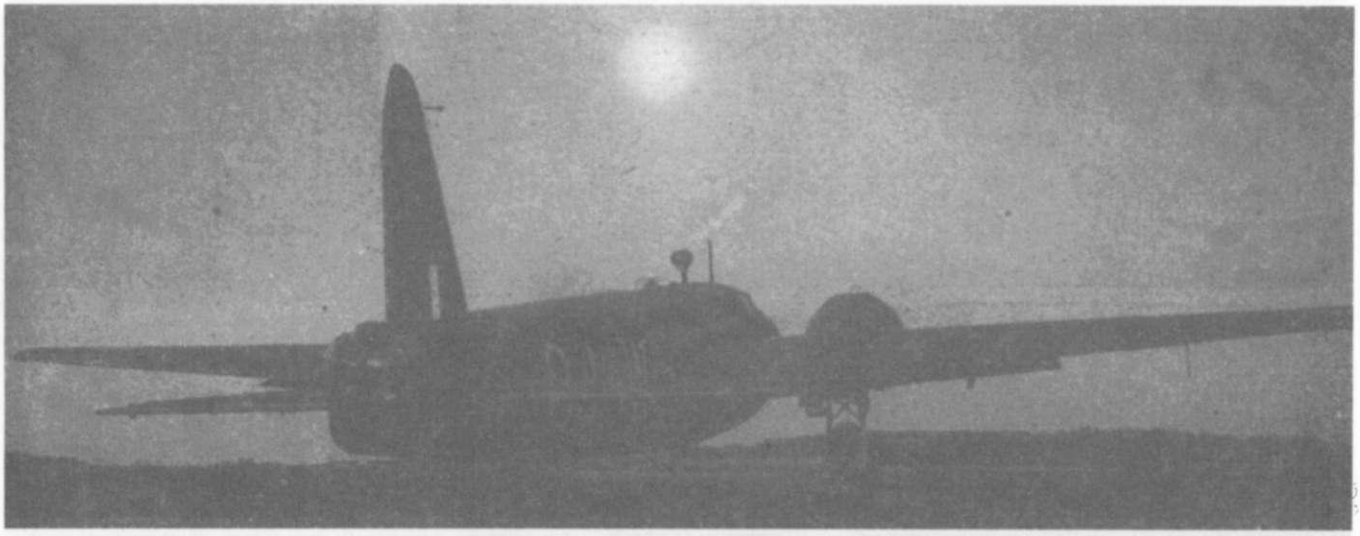
The parachute fully open, a soldier is floating gracefully to earth. In the top photograph, paratroops leaving a flight of aeroplanes. Sitting for a moment with their legs dangling in space, they drop through a hole in the fuselage, their parachutes opening automatically.



PARATROOPS still attached to their "silks" on the ground. Centre left, eight parachutists are coming down, looking like giant mushrooms spread over the fields. Training for this branch of modern warfare is very arduous and exacting. The men have to be 100 per cent fit, expert at map-reading and resourceful in finding their way about unknown country. Landing within a comparatively small area, they must form themselves into an efficient fighting unit within ten minutes.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Bombers Make Ready for the War by Night



GAINS IN THE NIGHT AIR WAR

Night of May	Nazi Bombers Brought Down: By Fighters Over B'tn	By Fighters Over France	By A.A.	By B'loon	Total
1/2	1	—	—	—	1
2/3	2	1	3	—	6
3/4	11	2	2	1	16
4/5	8	—	1	—	9
5/6	7	1	1	—	9
6/7	8	—	1	—	9
7/8	17	3	3	1	24
8/9	10	1	3	—	14
9/10	3	—	—	—	3
10/11	29	—	4	—	33
11/12	8	—	4	—	12
12/13	1	—	—	—	1
Totals 12 Days	105	8	22	2	137

Earlier Night Successes

Jan., 15. Feb., 15. March, 47. April, 90.
Total 4 months: 167. Total to May 12 (Night only) 304.
Probable German loss of aircrew: about 1,216.

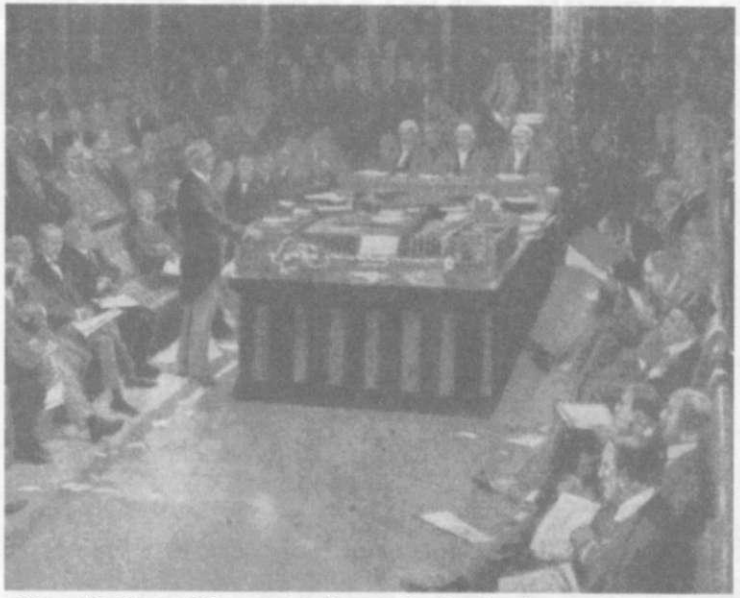
Note.—In future totals only, without details, will be given for night successes.

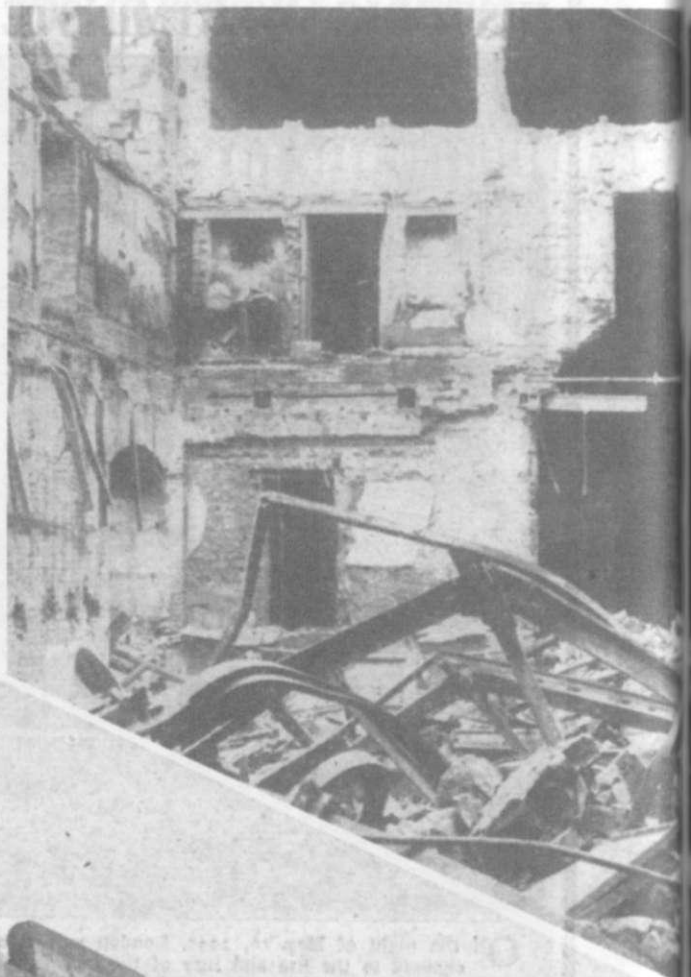
Bombers, British and German, are the subject of these photographs. Top, a Wellington taxies up to the run-way in the moonlight. Centre: British bomber crew entering their plane at moonrise. Right, pilot and crew of German bomber studying their course and targets before taking off for a raid over Britain. Above, German pilot setting out from an aerodrome in Occupied France.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; and Keystone

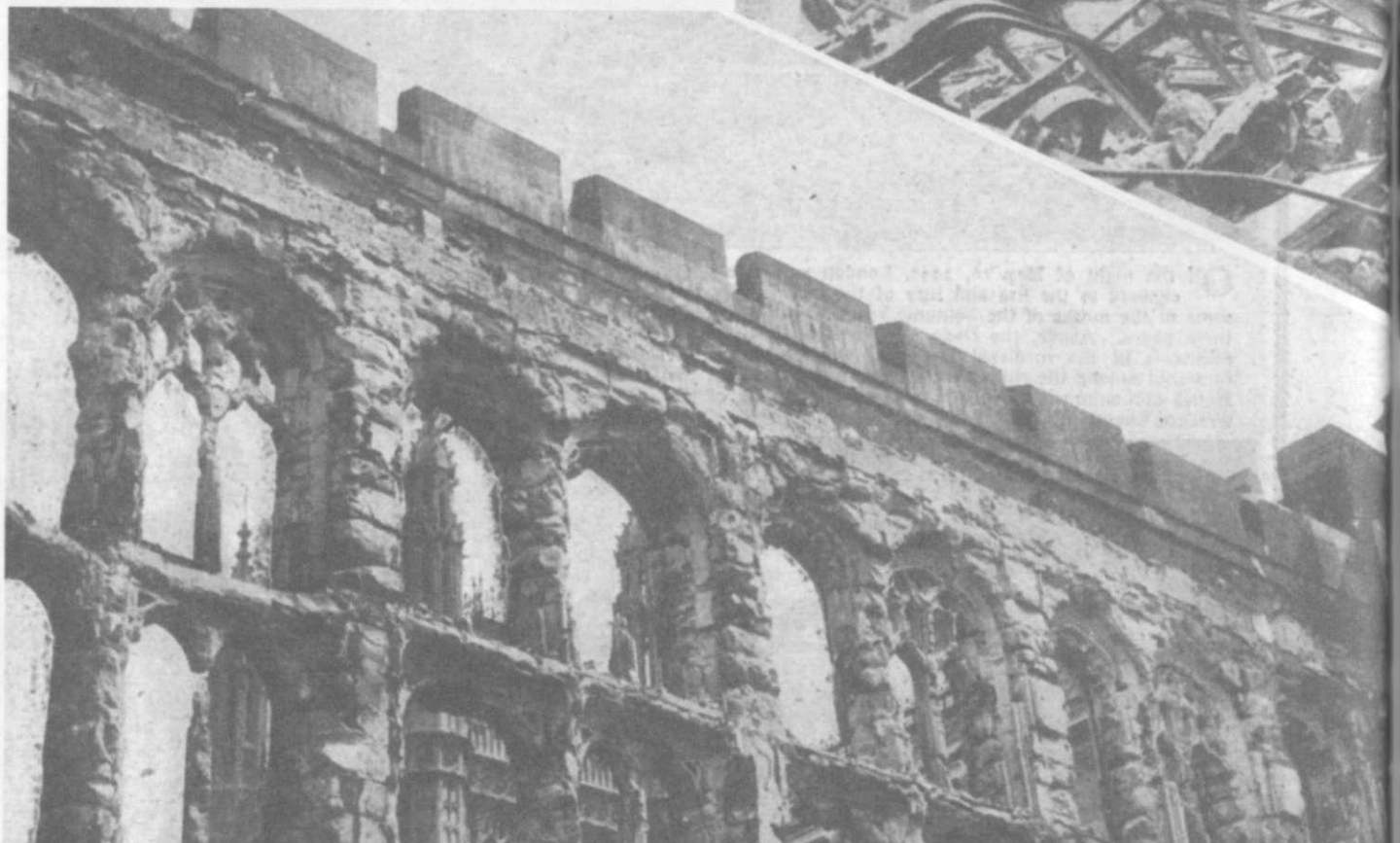
HISTORIC WESTMINSTER AFTER ONE NIGHT IN MAY

ON the night of May 10, 1941, London was once again exposed to the fire and fury of the Nazi raiders, and some of the marks of the Teutonic beast are illustrated in these pages. Above, the Dean of Westminster inspecting remnants of the medieval Deanery. On the right, Mr. Churchill among the ruins of the Debating Chamber of the House of Commons. Beneath, another photograph of the wrecked Chamber. *Photos, Topical Press, G.P.U.*

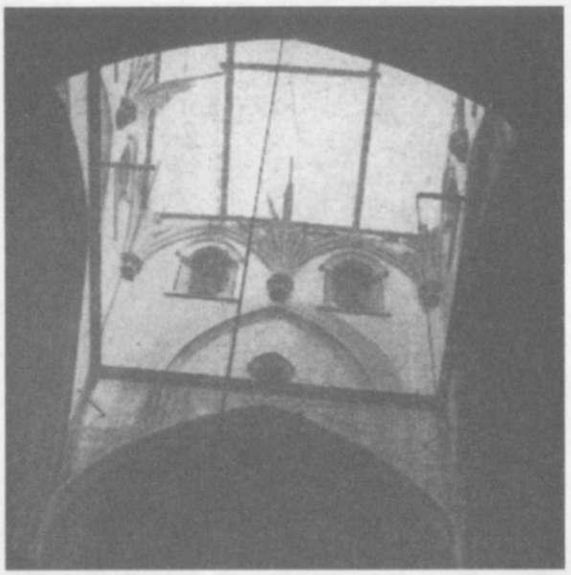




Above, the House of Commons as it was : the drawing shows a debate of the Asquith era. Right and below, as it is today. Only one wall remains of the Chamber, which, after a few hours' intense fire, now looks like an old Roman ruin. Centre, the Speaker's Chair, which was also burned.

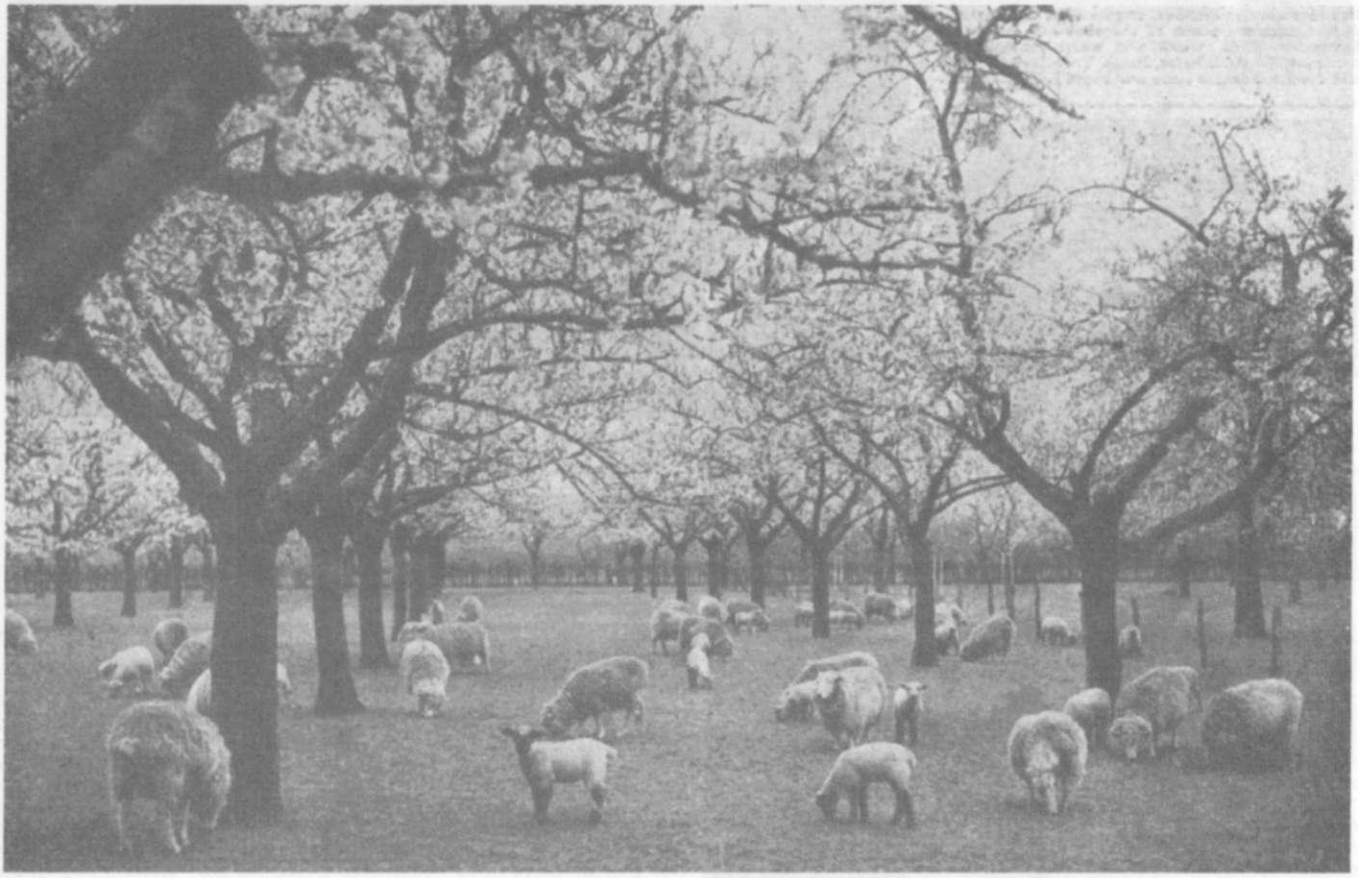


Right, the splendid roof of Westminster Hall, dating from the 14th century, now open to the sky ; and below right, the lantern on the roof of this building immediately after incendiaries fell.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY was among several famous buildings struck by the Nazis on the night of May 10-11. On the left, the high altar as it was before the raid. Above, the gaping hole in the Abbey roof, when the low square tower at the centre of the building fell, bringing down with it a mass of rubble and charred beams which now lie on the floor before the damaged altar seen beneath. *Photos, Topical Press, Fox*

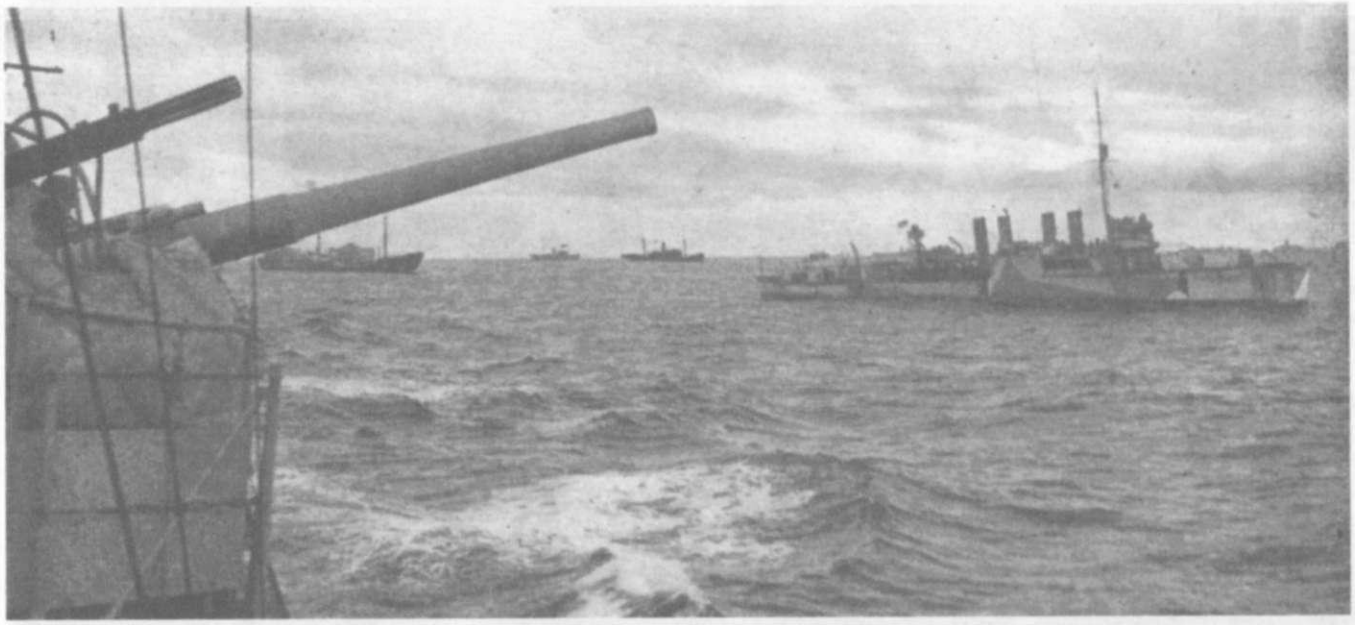
Hitler and Nature Make a Morning in Spring



The beauty of spring goes on, and not all the ingenuity of German frightfulness can retard its creative message. An idyllic scene of cherry blossom and sheep in an orchard at Shinglewell, Kent. The photograph is in poignant contrast to the one of a London street wrecked by Hitler's frenzy of destruction, a sight which confronted Londoners on the morning of May 11, when a brilliant sun revealed the hideous work of the Luftwaffe.

Photos, Fox, G.P.U.

Grim Is the Battle in the Vast Atlantic



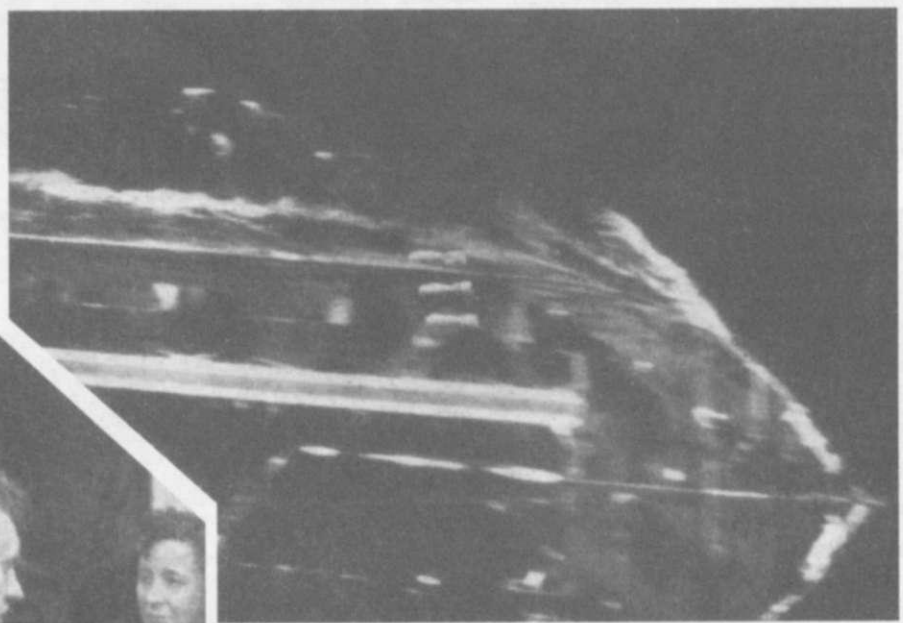
TWO EX-UNITED STATES DESTROYERS helping to guard a convoy which includes tankers, munition and food ships. It came safely to port, thanks to the courage of its escort, and thus another point was won in this Atlantic battle of attrition. On the left, two gunners are ready should the enemy put in an appearance.

BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC: 1941

Shipping Losses—British, Allied and Neutral

Month	British		Allied and Neutral		Totals	
	Ships	Thousand Tons	Ships	Thousand Tons	Ships	Thousand Tons
Jan.	41	205½	17	100½	58	306
Feb.	68	264½	17	69½	85	334
March	81	326½	38	162½	119	489
April	60	293	46	195*	106	488
Totals	250	1,089½	118	527½	**368**	**1,617**

*April losses included 187 thousand tons sunk in Mediterranean operations, largely Greek. March and April figures are about 52 thousand tons higher than September, 1940, which was worst month in 1940 (excluding Dunkirk losses, June). **Total British, Allied and Neutral losses** since war began **6,127,673 tons.**

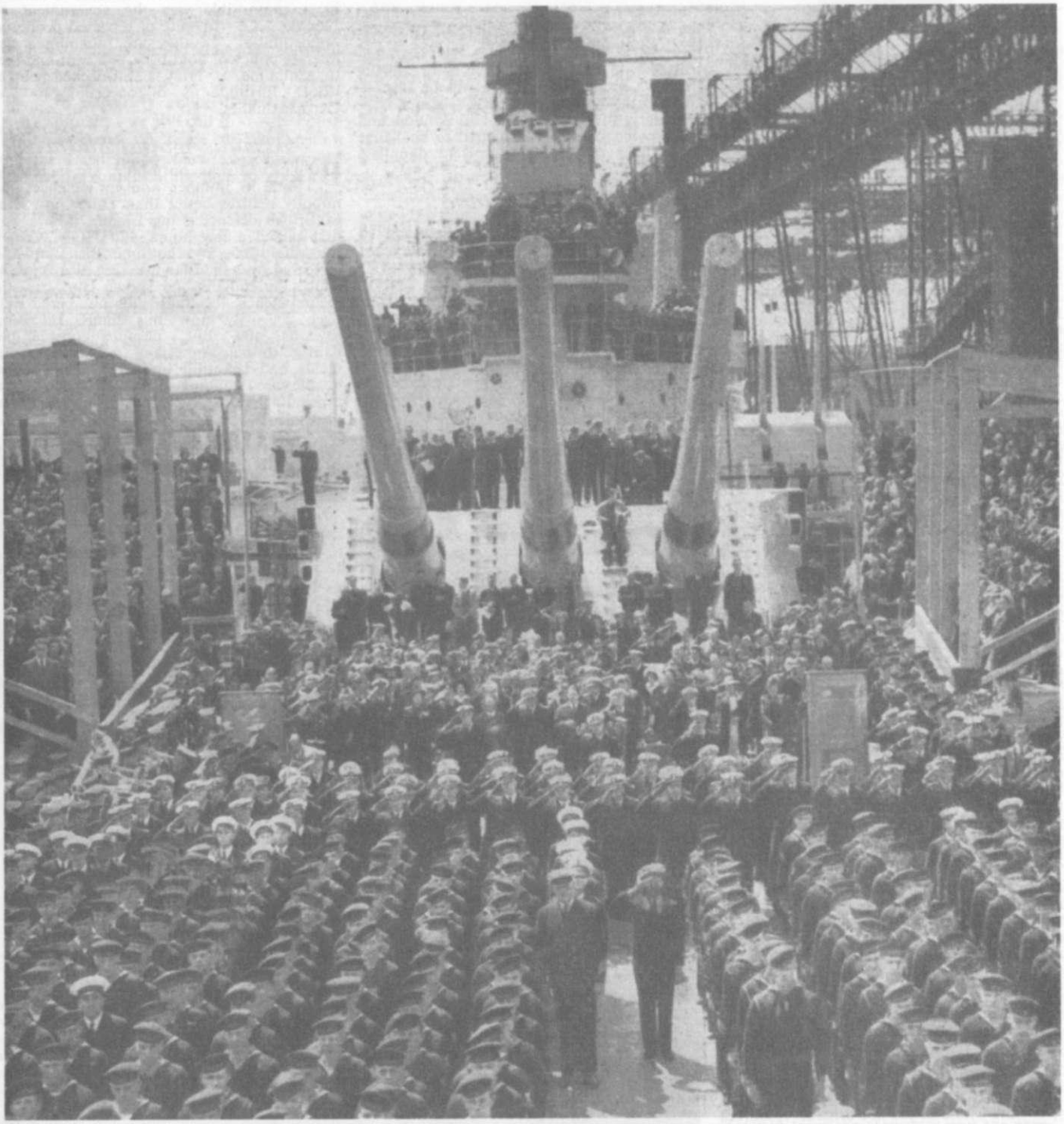


Three bombs on target was the result of an R.A.F. attack on an enemy tanker off Le Havre, though protected by flak-ships. Diving to within two hundred feet, our bombers made sure that their weapons would take effect.

This enemy bomb fell just wide enough to do no damage. Left: mother and child, after being torpedoed and in an open boat for twenty-two hours, safely aboard a British warship.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Fox, Keystone, L.N.A.

They Don't Want to Fight, But by Jingo—!



THE NEW AMERICAN BATTLESHIP, North Carolina, being placed in commission at the New York Navy Yard. She is one of the Washington class of six ships of 35,000 tons displacement (about 41,000 tons full load). Behind the serried ranks of her crew are three of her nine 16-inch guns. This ship, the largest and most formidable ever built in the United States, will take her place in the fleet's battle line at midsummer. The Washington herself was commissioned at Philadelphia Navy Yard on May 15, and a sister ship, the South Dakota, is expected to be ready early next year.

Photo, Wide World

TODAY the American Navy has in all about 800 ships. With the new battleship North Carolina it has 16 battleships [17 with the Washington], 12 in battle line ; it has 6 aircraft carriers; 18 heavy cruisers, 19 light ; 159 destroyers, half of which have been built in the past nine years ; 40-odd old last-war destroyers, and 105 submarines. The test of the Navy's quality is in its cruisers and destroyers. It is generally admitted that the light—that is, the 6-inch-gun cruisers—are the best of their type in existence ; they fire a hundred 6-inch shells every minute. The new destroyers, says one neutral naval expert who recently looked over them, "are the best destroyers I've seen, and they are also A.A. ships."

This Navy operates from bases on the east coast, going from north to south, at now Greenland, and then Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Hampton Roads and Florida ; on the west coast, from Puget Sound to San Francisco, San Pedro and San Diego, and far out in the mid-Pacific to Pearl Harbor, which is being equipped to handle a whole fleet. Since the historic agreement with Great Britain last autumn it now has supplementary bases in the East, all the way from Newfoundland to Bermuda, to the Bahamas, to Trinidad and British Guiana.

When the United States woke up with a jump after the fall of France there were two main problems facing the Navy Department. One was to modernize the fighting craft ; the other to strengthen the Fleet Auxiliary. During this last year the Navy has not merely managed to do what it wanted; it is ahead of time. Since Colonel Frank Knox became Secretary of the Navy, the Government has bought up every available tug, oiler, cargo boat and ammunition ship, and has now 2,600 merchant vessels on hand. It is rushing the construction of every type of auxiliary from corvettes to long-range patrol planes.

—*Alistair Cooke's American Commentary, May 10, 1941*

Our Searchlight on the War

Enemy Base in Antarctic

OFFICERS of the Norwegian whaler Harpon II, sailing under the Argentine flag, reported on their arrival at Montevideo on May 1 that while in the Antarctic the whaling fleet had received a wireless call to return to the depot ship. Here they found a large vessel which they took to be a raider. The fleet scattered quickly, but two whalers were later reported to be missing, and the crew of the Harpon assumed that they had been captured. This strange tale received some degree of confirmation at Boston on May 5, when a member of the U.S. Antarctic Expedition, Dr. Paul Siple, who had been in charge of one of the Expedition's bases in Little America, stated that Germany had until recently been maintaining naval repair shops at Deception Island, one of the South Shetlands. The island is an extinct volcano, the cone of which rises about 1,800 feet above sea level. On the south-east side the cone wall is broken by an opening about 600 feet wide, forming a circular lake harbour, five miles in diameter, called Port Foster. Dr. Siple, whose information was derived from a Chilean officer, said that the shops had been built in 1938, but were blown up a few months ago. Who had blown them up was not revealed. It was suggested that the Graf Spee might at one time have used Deception Island as a raiding base. The South Shetlands are a group of uninhabited islands in British possession, and form a dependency of the Falkland Islands.

Recruit Every 37 Minutes

So rapid has been the expansion of the Royal Australian Air Force that at the beginning of the year the number of men being enrolled as air crew or ground staff was equivalent to one every 37 minutes, all round the clock. At Point Cook, on the shore of Port Phillip Bay, outside Melbourne, is No. 1 Service Flying School. Many of the men training here will later be posted to seaplane and flying-boat squadrons. A mental and physical tonic is provided by a regatta held in the Bay every Wednesday afternoon. The men sail 12-foot dinghies or "sharpies" against each other, and as seamanship as well as airmanship is necessary in this branch of the Service, such racing is a pleasant way of acquiring it. Australians training in Canada under the Empire Air Training Scheme have surprised the authorities by the high standard they achieved. The first contingent completed their course at the end of 1940, about the time that the third party was arriving from the Commonwealth.

National Fire Brigade

MR. HERBERT MORRISON has decided that the whole of the fire brigade resources of the country should be put under the control of the Home Secretary and the Secretary of State for Scotland, and is seeking Parliamentary powers to do so. At present there are more than 1,400 local fire authorities in England and Wales, some of them small and with limited equipment. In transferring their control to a central administrative authority the Exchequer would bear the cost of the service, less a contribution from local funds, this amount to be based on 75 per cent of the cost of the service in a standard year. "Local authorities, generally, have done their work well," said Mr. Morrison, "and it is not a reflection on them that the task itself has now grown altogether beyond local resources." Mr. William Mabane, joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Home Security, will take charge of this all-Britain Fire Brigade, which will also include the A.F.S. The other Parliamentary Secretary, Miss Ellen Wilkinson, has been entrusted with the enormous job of organizing Britain's fire-watchers. She will be responsible for the coordination of all schemes, both voluntary and compulsory, in London and the provinces, a task calculated to challenge the abilities of even this competent, dauntless personality.

Heroic Belgians

AMONG the Belgians sentenced by a German court-martial in Brussels on April 14 to various penalties were two, Edgard Lefebre and Marie Guerin, who were condemned to death for sheltering British subjects. During last summer and part of the autumn they helped the Britons to remain concealed in the woods at Flobecque, shared with them their limited rations, took them into their houses when the weather became cold, and finally made easy their escape to Brussels. In addition to the death sentence passed on these two devoted Belgians, eight men and two women received terms of imprisonment as accessaries. The arrest of the British refugees has not yet been reported.

Secret Nazi Orders Captured

WHEN the British raided the Lofoten Islands in March they obtained possession of a remarkable collection of enemy documents, all marked "secret," which were discovered in the military harbour control post at Svolvaer. These papers, facsimiles of which were published on May 8 in a White Paper, had been circulated by the German High Command to local officers. They all show that the invaders are finding the Norwegian people "unhelpful and pro-English." The Nazi C.-in-C. is very anxious that the Army should try to be on good terms with the population, and some outward display of moderation is urged. Military intervention, therefore, must only occur when there are threats to the troops or army property, or demonstrations against the Fuehrer, when "military force should be brought into action in its full severity." But the Gestapo is given very wide executive powers. It can summarily prohibit a man from practising his trade or profession, it can impose fines, confiscations or imprisonment. It must take action in cases such as the boycotting of pro-German Norwegians, distribution of anti-German leaflets, sending of chain letters of anti-German content. Another document complains that "neither the Executive Council nor other political group is in a position, or even desirous, to assume in a responsible way the government of Norway . . . In spite of repeated proffered opportunities . . . they are pursuing a deliberate policy of hold-back and wait-and-see, to gain time." Truly a stiff-necked people, whose fortitude is disconcerting to the German bullies.

Assault Against Malta

BOMBING attacks on Malta are increasing both in number and in violence, for nobody realizes better than Hitler how vital to British defence is this island. Malta was first raided a few hours after Italy's entry into the war. By the time the Luftwaffe appeared over the island, taking over a job in which the Italians had shown characteristic incompetence, the total raids numbered well over 200. By now this figure is rising towards 400. But, despite considerable damage to their homes and to historic monuments and beautiful buildings, the Maltese people are standing firm. Warned of an impending raid, the prudent among them resort to the deep shelters with which their island is honeycombed—underground galleries cut out of the limestone rock by the Knights of St. John to serve as storehouses. Others disobey regulations and stand about to watch the thrilling air battles between the R.A.F. and the enemy, or the successful challenge of A.A. gunners—second to none for superb marksmanship. And when an Axis plane crashes they cheer and rejoice. Otherwise life in Malta goes on as usual, and cafés and cinemas do a brisk business. General Dobbie, lion-hearted C.-in-C., is a practical soldier of high reputation. His deep sense of religion has won for him, an ardent Protestant (he is a Plymouth Brother), the devotion and respect of the Catholic population. He does not mince matters in his demands of the islanders: "I say Malta must stand firm and do its part to maintain the security and integrity of this fortress, so important to Imperial strategy. There must be, and will be, no weakening."

A mother and baby leaving a shelter after the 234th raid on Malta. Left, an old Maltese surveys the ruins of his bombed home.

Photos, British Movietone News

Poland's Naval Cadets in Britain

Among the Polish institutions which have found their refuge and legal domicile on British soil is the Naval School for the training of officers of the Polish Mercantile Marine. We are indebted to a young Polish correspondent for this account of the School's origin and present state.

Typical Polish cadet attached to the Gdynia Naval School, now re-formed in England. He served in the Polish submarine Orzel.

At a university college somewhere in Britain—we will call it X—the Polish Ministry of Trade, in conjunction with the Polish Shipowners' Association, and with the full support of the British authorities, have established a naval school for the training of Second Mates of the Polish Mercantile Marine.

The Polish boys are somewhat older than their British comrades; they are not just "prospective cadets," but real young sailors with at least a year of seagoing experience behind them. All except one have been torpedoed—on the liner Pilsudski, or the Polish submarine O.R.P. Wilk, or M/S. Chrobry. Some of them were in the firing-line at Narvik, and others were at Dunkirk. Before the war broke out they had already completed a year's course of theoretical and practical training at the Nautical College in Gdynia, Poland's port in the Baltic. This institution was founded in 1920, and the Polish professors were all well-known specialists; the College, indeed, achieved a high standard, and had a great reputation even outside Poland, so that many Rumanians, Bulgarians, Yugoslavs and Hungarians came to study there. The average number of students was about 120, and there were 16 professors and instructors on the staff. The last Commander and Headmaster, Captain Boleslaw Kosko, fell in the heroic defence of Gdynia in September 1939.

When the war broke out practically all the students were at sea on board their school-ship, the Dar Pomorza (Gift of Pomerania)—a lovely white full-rigged sailing ship which had twice navigated the globe under the Polish flag. Besides the Dar Pomorza, the young Polish sailors had two smaller school ships, the Lvov and the Zawisza Czarny, the latter being under the command of a well-known poet-sailor and army general, Captain Marius Zaruski.

The Dar Pomorza was homebound in the Baltic in August 1939, when her Commander, Captain Kowalski, received by wireless the alarming order to seek shelter in Swedish waters. Subsequently the boys crossed to Britain, whenever and wherever it was possible, on board various merchantmen. Then from Britain the older boys went to France to join the Polish Army which General Sikorski was organizing. About 30 joined the Polish Navy, some got into British naval units, while the last, a batch of 30, decided on a career in the Polish Merchant Fleet.

These began to arrive at the college at X in August 1940, and started their studies with preparatory lessons in English, prior to the opening of their proper course on September 18. They have their own Polish lecturer in the person of an experienced sailor, Captain A. Z., who lectures on several subjects in Polish and also acts as Liaison Officer. The full course lasts for about a year, and under the guidance of eight professors the Polish cadets study navigation, seamanship, astronomy, chartwork, ship construction, mathematics, signals, mercantile engineering and mercantile law. They are also taught English, as only roughly a third of the instruction is in Polish.

POLISH NAVAL CADETS learning how to steer and navigate. They are members of the Polish Nautical College which has been reorganized in Britain. Most of the students there have already been on active service in the Baltic, at Narvik and Dunkirk. Above: Standards of our Ally's Naval College brought to Britain by cadets who escaped after the German invasion of Poland.

The order of the day begins with "Call" at 6.30 a.m. The boys leap out of their bunks in their bright, clean dormitories, say their morning prayers—all the Polish cadets are Catholics—tidy up their dormitories, and within an hour are having breakfast in the refectory. Next comes the roll-call, which they call "Division," and the hoisting of the British and Polish flags. The first lectures begin at about 9 a.m., and last until about half-past twelve; then comes inspection—"Quarters," as it is called—followed by lunch. Then, again, four hours of lectures. The rest of the day is taken up by preparation for the following day's lessons, dinner, "Evening Quarters," and a short breathing space, after which there is supper at 9.30. The Last Post is sounded separately for British and Poles; then come prayers, and at 10 o'clock "Lights Out."

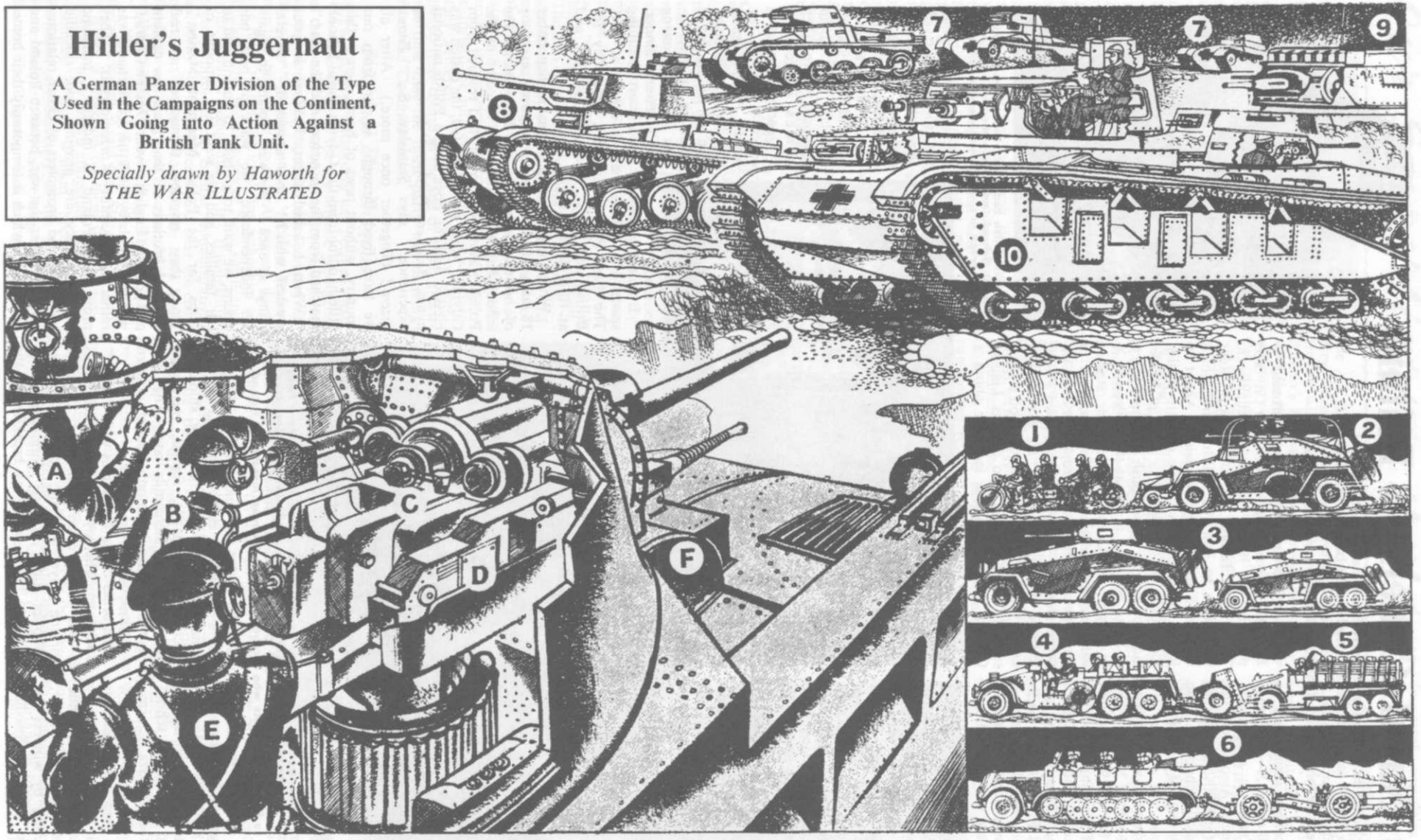
When the first course opened on September 18 last year, there was the inspiring ceremony of hoisting alongside the Red Ensign the school flag which Mr. M., Director of the Polish Naval Department, had rescued from Gdynia. Mass was celebrated, the ensign was blessed and the boys sang a Polish national hymn, *Boze, cos Polske*. "It was a moving experience," says Stanislaw S., "*Znowu razem*! (Together once more.) After all we have lived through, so far from our country, without news of home, here is this little handful from the Gdynia Naval School, snatched from the torpedoes and the seas."

When I asked them, "What is your greatest wish?" they answered, "Several things at once! We want Poland to regain her independence, we want to pass our exams, we want to go back to Poland and to our families, and we want any amount of ships for the Polish Merchant Marine." Thus they revealed themselves as real spiritual brothers of that great sea captain and poet, the English novelist, Joseph Conrad, who was a Pole by birth (his real surname was rather a mouthful—Korzeniowski). They prove that Poland is indeed a maritime nation. They are proving, too, splendid comrades and promoters of closer relations, now and after the war, between Poland and the country which is temporarily their home.

Hitler's Juggernaut

A German Panzer Division of the Type Used in the Campaigns on the Continent, Shown Going into Action Against a British Tank Unit.

Specially drawn by Haworth for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED



A GERMAN "PANZER" DIVISION is seen in action on the right of this drawing. The Germans are reported to possess at least 15 such divisions, each one consisting of 400 fighting vehicles plus ancillary units. These divisions are self-contained and have attached to them several squadrons of aircraft, as well as engineers, bridge-building and road-maintenance units, and extensive mobile repair and supply outfits. The dive-bombers smash all the heaviest opposition and strong points. Once this is done the rest of the division can roll forward confident that they will not be menaced by heavier metal than they themselves possess. A "Panzer" division is organized as follows:

The Reconnaissance Section. (1) Troops of motor-cyclists with machine-guns mounted on side-cars. These are also armed with tommy-guns and hand-grenades and range far in advance, acting as sensitive "feelers." (2) Light armoured cars equipped with a light anti-tank gun and machine-guns. (3) Heavy armoured cars with a heavier armament mounted in a revolving turret. The object of all these is to find and "exploit" any gap or weakness in the opposition. (4) Light 6-wheeled cars which draw mobile anti-tank guns. (5) Mobile infantry in heavy lorries. (6) Lighter types of artillery and gun crews.

The Fighting Section. (7) Light tanks weighing about 5 or 6 tons with a crew of three, two machine-guns and a 200 h.p. engine giving a speed of 30 m.p.h. (8) Heavier tanks, 10 to 12 tons, armed with anti-tank and machine-guns carrying a crew of three and a 250 h.p. engine. (9) Medium (Cruiser tanks) of about 15 to 20 tons armed with a 37 mm. gun and 2 machine-guns. A crew of four operate the vehicle, whose speed is 23 m.p.h. (10) Heavy tank weighing 25 to 30 tons worked by a crew of seven. The commander sits at his periscope and directs the gunners who are firing the large 75 mm. gun and heavy calibre machine-gun from the main turret, as well as the machine-gunners in the revolving fore and aft turrets. The power unit develops 350 h.p. and the speed is about 20 m.p.h.

Details of a British Tank and Crew, seen on the left of the drawing. The commander (A) is directing his crew by telephone. The gunner (B) has his eye pressed to the telescopic sighting apparatus, and his left hand holds the lever which swings the whole turret round. With the right he grasps the lever which fires the 2-pound gun (C) and the machine-gun (D). The wireless operator (E) is also the gun-loader and he is seen about to ram a shell into the breech. The driver sits in front and his look-out position is at (F). This tank is typical of those which have done so well in Libya.

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

I Captured a Nazi Parachutist—It Was Hess!

When Rudolf Hess, Hitler's Deputy, landed by parachute near Glasgow on the night of May 10, he was first encountered at Newton Mearns, 8 miles from Glasgow, by a Scottish ploughman, David McLean, whose story of his sensational "bag" is told below in his own words.

This is the story David McLean told after the parachutist he had captured had been identified as Rudolf Hess.

I was in the house that night and everyone else was in bed, for it was late, when I heard a plane roaring overhead. As I ran to the back of the farm I heard a crash and saw the plane burst into flames in a field about 200 yards away.

I was amazed and a bit frightened when I saw a parachute dropping slowly downwards through the dark.

Peering upwards I could see a man swinging from the harness. I thought it must be a German airman baling out, and raced back to the house for help. But they were all asleep.

I looked round for a weapon. All I could find was a hayfork. Fearing I might lose the airman, I hurried round by myself again to the back of the house. There in the field I saw the man lying on the ground, with his parachute near by.

He smiled. As I assisted him to his feet he thanked me in perfect English. But I could see he had injured his foot in some way.

I helped him into the house. By this time my old mother and my sister had got out of bed and made tea.

The stranger declined tea and smiled when we told him we were very fond of it in this country. Then he said, "I never drink tea as late as this. I'll only have a glass of water."

We sent word to the military authorities. Meantime our visitor chatted freely to us and showed us pictures of his little boy, of whom he spoke very proudly.

He told us he had left Germany about four hours earlier, and had landed because night-fall was approaching.

I could see from the way he spoke that he was a man of culture. His English, though he had a foreign accent, was very clear, and he understood every word we said.

He was a striking-looking man, more than six feet tall, and he wore a very magnificent flying suit. His watch and identity bracelet were both gold.

He didn't discuss his journey and, indeed, appeared to treat what seemed to us a most hazardous flight as a pleasure flip.

He seemed quite confident that he'd be well treated, and repeatedly said how lucky he'd been in landing without mishap.

He was most gentlemanly in his attitude to my old mother and my sister. He bowed stiffly to them when he came in, and before he left he thanked us profusely for what we had done for him.

He was anxious about only one thing—his parachute. He said to me, "I should like to keep that parachute, for I think I owe my life to it."

He wouldn't tell me who he was and we didn't like to press the question. We assumed he was just another German airman who had been brought down.

When officials came on the scene he greeted them with a smile, assured them he was unarmed, stood up and held his arms out to let them see for themselves. Then he was taken away.

Mrs. McLean, the ploughman's 64-year-old mother, asked the parachutist at the door if he was a German. She said:

I didn't feel too friendly when he said he was, but he was so pale and tired, and his ankle was so swollen that I had to do what I could for him. He spoke like a gentleman, and had fine manners. He didn't want us to do anything for him except get him in touch with the authorities.

DAVID McLEAN and his mother, Scottish peasants who have become famous by reason of the fact that (as told in this page) they took charge of Hess. *Photo, "Daily Mirror"*

We felt he was someone of importance because of his clothes and his gold wristlet watch and identity disk. His boots were magnificent. They were as fine as a pair of gloves.

Although he looked between 40 and 50 years old I felt I had to mother him—especially after he showed us his little boy's picture.

He wouldn't tell us why he had left Germany and come here, but he seemed glad to be sitting in my cottage beside a good fire.

How We Brought Three Night Raiders Down

Some impressions of the work of the anti-aircraft batteries that line our coast were given in a racy broadcast by a sergeant in a light battery, which is reproduced below by arrangement with "The Listener."

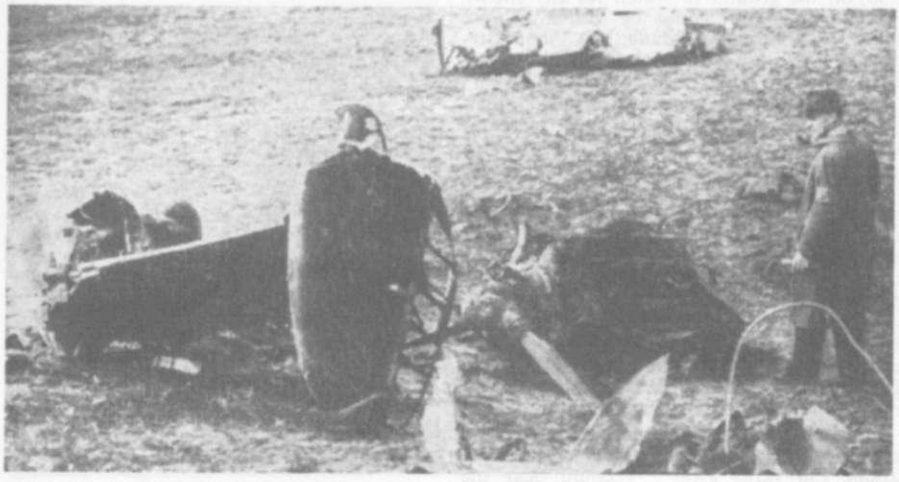
We have our own method with our search-lights, said the sergeant. We hold them until Jerry's quite close and then snap them on, so it blinds him, and we get in three or four bursts with the Lewis and Bofors before he has time to do anything. By this method we've spotted as many as eighteen targets at night, some of them three of four planes at a time.

I myself have seen three brought down at night recently. One of these we followed with the lights after we'd hit him, and he seemed to be breaking to pieces in the sky as though tracer bullets were coming off him all over his body. One day we sank one and crippled another within a quarter of an hour, and the heavies finished off the crippled one.

Something ought to be said about the searchlight men. Our light guns couldn't do anything without them at night, and they're always on the job. One night our lights got a plane that was coming from the west, and the chaps were holding him till we had him in range. While they were doing that another plane came in from the east and dropped a bomb within 50 yards of the light. It didn't half whistle down. But the men on the lights never worried; they held Jerry, because they knew we were waiting for him.

They often drop stuff around us, of course. One night they came after us about fifteen times; but in spite of all the stuff they've dropped, they haven't done a bit of damage; in fact, they sometimes do us a bit of good. Once when one of their mines came drifting down, we popped it off with a Lewis gun. There was a lot of fish about when that went off—we got a conger 6 foot long—that kept the Sergeants' Mess going for a whole day.

One night they dropped a lot of those Molotov bread-basket things, and some of the little ones went into the sand and didn't go off. When I got in that morning all the rest were asleep; I'd brought one of the



HESS'S WRECKED PLANE, which crashed with its guns unloaded near Glasgow after Nazi No. 3 had baled out. The bullet-riddled tail and shattered engine, in the case of so important a pilot, may be said to symbolize the ultimate fall of Nazidom. Hess brought with him several photographs of himself at different ages in order to establish his identity. *Photo, G.P.U.*

I WAS THERE!

PROBING THE NIGHT SKY for enemy aircraft, the searchlight is an essential part of Britain's defences, and works in conjunction with our night-fighters and anti-aircraft guns. This photograph, taken at a searchlight station in the London area, shows a projector operating in its pit behind a ring of sandbags and corrugated iron. *Photo, Central News*

little bombs with me, and I put it into the stove : " That'll sizzle in a bit," I said to myself and, by gum ! it did ; it didn't half shift the chaps out of bed.

When Jerry comes by day he's often too high for us unless he's minelaying. But one chap did catch us on the hop. It was a dewy sort of day, pretty thick. He dropped a couple, but he was too high ; then he went south a bit, dropped another couple and came back flying very low. We were all waiting, and we were so sure we were going to get him, we held our fire till he was too damn close and we missed him. Very annoying it was for us with our record.

There's a lot of back-chat between us and the heavies and the coast defence chaps, especially when we tell them that we're the top scorers in our part of the world and fetched down the first plane in the division —and got three barrels of beer for doing it, too. The coast defence chaps will have a pot at anything they see ; they believe in shooting first and arguing after. When summer comes they'll be firing at the butterflies.

I'd like to say this. I've told you how we hold our fire till the last minute ; if we had one misfire doing that, we should be meat for him. But we've never had one faulty round in all our engagements.

My Diary of Eleven Days in the Libyan Desert

One of the many heroes of the Libyan campaign was Dr. Marchant Kelsey of the R.A.M.C., who made an eleven-day trek over the desert from Derna to Tobruk to avoid capture by the Germans. Here is his story recorded in his own words.

DR. KELSEY recorded his adventures in the following diary :

First Day.—I believe it is April 7. Approaching a still steeper hill leading eastward out of the town (Derna), we were informed by the colonel that an enemy force was barring our way. We went forward with the tanks. On the top of the escarpment fighting soon began, with much shrapnel whistling round us most unpleasantly. About six wounded, but no ambulances at hand.

One of the wounded was at the back of my truck, shot through the right arm—compound fracture of the humerus. His stretcher was held on by the men on the truck. The vehicles were ordered to make a rush for it, with myself well last. The rest got through. A hidden sniper hit our accumulator at the third shot.

I had previously planned to make off on foot in such circumstances, and had some supplies ready, including water.

The time was 3 p.m. I could not locate the sniper. Later I found him in some trenches, but he seemed afraid of coming to locate me or thought I was dead owing to the speed with which I fell off the top of the truck when he shot at us.

The wounded man " D." was quite helpless and hopeless. Darkness came, and I lay on the ground to watch for any enemy approaching who would be visible against the sky. None came. Made " D." comfortable and we lay down for the night. Very tired.

Second Day.—In morning all seemed quiet. Surveyed damage to truck—only accumulator gone—bad luck !

Later saw enemy searching battlefield about a mile away. Dressed " D." again, who was extremely brave. Later got him on the ground. Hard wind all day and dust storm for two to three hours in the middle of day. " D." would only drink. Eased him with morphia.

Longest day in my life ; no one came. By evening " D." much weaker, and I started to collect stores in case of the possibility of escape. " D." had a fairly peaceful night, but died early in the morning.

Third Day.—Towards dusk some German planes landed near my bush, the nearest one about 150 yards away. I could hear the voices of the Germans. Half an hour later it was dark enough to bolt from the far side of the bush at 8.30 p.m.

I set off on a bearing of 143 degrees across country. After a mile or two the water can started to leak badly, and it became so bad that I had to abandon it. I now had only two bottles of water. The stores carried were ten tins of condensed milk, five packets of biscuits, two tins of cheese, about two and a half quarts of water, one iron ration, vitamin C tablets, sleeping bag, blanket, glasses and compass.

Fourth Day.—Two-thirty a.m. 12 miles from the start. Passed a white-domed minaret on my left shining in the moonlight just beyond the remains of an ordnance camp. Found a few ounces of water at the bottom of a can ; much refreshed. At 3.15 a.m. found about five abandoned vehicles, with food and a little rusty-coloured water and some blankets. Woke about 7 a.m. and found a canyon to the right of the track. The track ended in front of the vehicles and through a cleft the sea was visible. It was the wrong road.

Fifth Day.—Awoke perishing cold. Stayed all day in sight of the road. Trouble starting : paronychia (septic inflammation of the base of the nail) on the right hand. Hands much knocked about these last few days. My right boot nearly worn through. Tried to mend it. Started on my carried rations today.

Sixth Day.—Just before 8 a.m. reached the Wadi el Tmimi. Sixteen miles, but hard going.

After lunch I was at my ease, when I was approached by two Indian soldiers, who led me off to the shore, where there were 12 more of them with two English officers.

They had come so far after escaping from Mecheli. They had no maps and we decided to go on together.

Seventh Day.—We moved on for about a mile to a more remote bit of shore farther from the busy main road. One officer decided to go no farther, but to make for the main road and give himself up. He was no walker and his feet were giving out. The Indians called a conference and decided to give themselves up with him.

The other officer and I were both keen to continue. We said farewell.

Eighth Day.—We stayed in the bushes near the inlet and had a cautious bathe and attempted to mend my failing boot. As dusk came we started cautiously towards the " narrows." We passed the danger point in the darkness, then made a circuit round an aerodrome.

Suddenly there was a loud explosion, and we found ourselves in the middle of a naval bombardment. It lasted some half an hour.

DR. MARCHANT KELSEY, R.A.M.C., who escaped from the Germans in Libya. The story of his trek across the desert is told in this page. *Photo, " News Chronicle "*

I WAS THERE!

Our objective was the road. Towards 3 a.m. we found a deserted Australian camp. We found good water in metal drums, one tin of bully beef and a ground sheet.

Ninth Day.—Further search of the camp and we replenished our water supplies.

Set off about 4 p.m. while still rather hot. Emerging from sand dunes, we found enemy camp within 200 yards.

Tenth Day.—Up before sunrise and on over the quiet going, following the shore. Our position was half a mile from the sea and 20 miles west of Tobruk.

Eleventh Day.—Moved off at the first glimmer of daybreak.

The doctor's diary ends shortly before he reached safety and British-occupied Tobruk. —(*British United Press.*)

There is nothing frigid or shy about this little Icelander. He is quite pleased to make friends with the big soldiers from England who have come to protect his home.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Our Life in Iceland is Too Peaceful

Life for the British troops stationed in Iceland is peaceful, if somewhat monotonous, as described by a former member of the "Surrey Comet" staff who came home on leave after eleven months in the "land of the midnight sun."

"ICELAND is an interesting country, but, naturally, most of the boys would like to be nearer their families, a lot of whom have had to stand up to air raids." So said a soldier on leave from his unit in Iceland, and he confessed that he himself had not enjoyed his first experience of a night raid.

When the troops landed in Iceland, he went on, the Icelanders were very shy about contacting the British soldiers. They obviously resented what they looked upon as an invasion of their territory, although the necessity for it they did not dispute.

With that good humour and adaptability for which the British soldier is renowned in the four corners of the earth the troops soon broke down the barriers, and ere long the natives were challenging them to a soccer match. The British soldiers soon found out that talent for the game was not confined to the United Kingdom. The natives, playing on a sort of gravel pitch, beat a soldier eleven, which included Bryn Evans, former Epsom forward.

"When we got used to the new style of soccer pitch," he continued, "we were able to teach them a few tricks. Nevertheless, they play a fast and good game and the matches were very enjoyable.

"A surprisingly large number of the natives speak and understand English, and one of the results has been that many of them have picked up those pert and often vividly picturesque phrases sometimes used by soldiers. On one occasion one of the natives, greeted by a passing British officer, got rather mixed up with his slang and, in effect, hurled at the embarrassed officer a rather impolite injunction to go about his business!

"There is not a lot one can do in spare time there, but many of the troops have become expert skaters by practice on the frozen fields and lakes. I noticed that English cigarettes, of which we received fairly ample supplies from home, were in great demand by the Icelanders. It was quite common for the troops to be accosted in the street and asked to sell English cigarettes—but it is against regulations to make a sale.

"There is a rationing system in force in the country and from our point of view meals 'out' are a bit costly. Egg and chips were an unknown quantity to the café proprietors until we arrived on the scene, but it was not long before the electric signs appeared outside the shops bearing the cheering words 'Egg and chips,' but plus two pieces of bread and butter and a cup of tea it knocked you back 1s. 6d.

"It is almost impossible to describe with justice the beauties of the Northern Lights or the setting of the sun. Green, yellow, purple appear and reappear as the lights seem to glide across the sky. It really is a marvellous sight. As a contrast, I ought to mention one of the chief side-shows in Iceland. This is a trip to some of the huts on the mountain side where fish are hung up to dry. When dried the Icelanders chew them raw—and they seem to like it—but the smell!"

The soldier had one grumble to make. There was a serious shortage of English beer and the Icelanders' substitute for it was below par!

I Was Bombed in a Valley Under Parnassus

"Enemy transport and troops were bombed and machine-gunned behind the lines." The phrase is common enough in war communiqués from both sides, but what it really means is told in the following sketch from the Greek front by Alexander Clifford of the "Daily Mail."

WE were breakfasting beneath the cloud-capped heights of Parnassus, which glowed rosily in the dawn. To the right and left stretched a valley, with its patchwork of fields and its sides covered with wild flowers and rock plants that would make English gardeners burst with envy.

The noise of frizzling sausages drowned the faint hum in the sky. Then someone saw an ugly black Dornier slipping over the hilltop.

I raced for the gully 50 yards away from the road as the bombs screamed down behind me. They fell too close, and I raced another 50 yards to the river bank. There, among the alder trees, an Australian private gave me a running commentary.

"The whole valley's full of them now . . . There's one coming straight at us . . . Here come the bombs—duck quickly . . . Hell, that was too near . . . Look at the shrapnel splashing in the river. . . . Now he's machine-gunning . . . see those explosive bullets fizzing round us . . . Here comes another . . ."

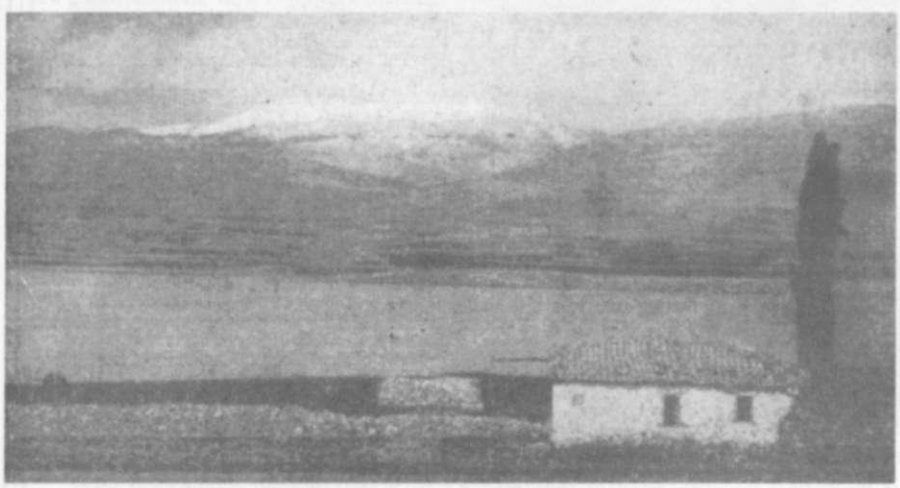
For an hour and a half it went on like that. Up there the Nazi pilots were having a fine time taking pot-shots at the bridges and level-crossings, diving on the empty trucks and machine-gunning in a haphazard way in the hopes of hitting somebody.

When they disappeared we packed up and drove off to another sector to have the whole thing happen again. Driving under these conditions you've no time to admire some of the loveliest scenery in Europe. You watch steadily a certain slice of sky, and when you see those sinister black shapes you stop the truck and race across the fields to get away from the roads.

Sometimes the scream from the bombs flings you flat on your face. Sometimes someone shouts, "It's a Hurricane," and you give a cheer and go back, laughing, to the trucks.

It's a full-time job. But don't forget to reverse the picture. Our planes were doing that to the Germans all day long, and they are finding better targets, for the enemy were more numerous and slower on the roads, which had already been ruined by our transport and our engineers.

So next time you read that communiqué remember it is not an empty phrase. It's a new feature of warfare which has become part of the modern soldier's daily life.



PEACE OVER PARNASSUS is the spirit of this pre-war photograph of the Greek mountain famed for legend, religious rites and poetry. Mussolini and Hitler brought war to this tranquil scene, and in an article in this page a British correspondent describes his exciting experiences dodging German bombs in a Parnassian valley. *Photo, E.N.A.*

Our Diary of the War

SUNDAY, MAY 11, 1941 *617th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that Australian cruiser Canberra and New Zealand cruiser Leander had captured in Indian Ocean German supply ship Coburg and Norwegian tanker Ketty Brovig with German naval prize crew aboard.

Air.—Heavy night raids on Hamburg and Bremen. Smaller attacks on Emden and on docks at Rotterdam. Coastal Command raided docks at Ymuiden and seaplane base at Texel.

Africa.—Mechanized forces at Tobruk made surprise sortie, inflicting casualties and taking prisoners. Heavy R.A.F. raids on Benghazi and aerodromes in Cyrenaica.

Light naval forces bombarded Benghazi during night of 10–11, damaging shipping and military objectives. Heavy R.A.F. bombers attacked Tripoli harbour on night of 11–12.

In Abyssinia, Indian troops captured Gumsa, north of Amba Alagi. Enemy rearguard cut off near Wadala.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. raided aerodromes at Catania and Comiso (Sicily), and those at Maritza and Calato (Dodecanese).

Iraq.—R.A.F. armoured cars occupied Fort of Rutbah.

Home.—Enemy aircraft driven off from coasts of Dorset, East Kent and Thames Estuary. At night bombs fell in widely separated areas.

Six day and 12 night raiders destroyed.

MONDAY, MAY 12 *618th day*

Sea.—H.M. trawlers Rochebonne and Kopanes reported sunk.

Air.—Heavy night attacks on Mannheim, Cologne and Coblenz. Other aircraft attacked docks at Ostend, Dunkirk and St. Nazaire.

Africa.—Five enemy mechanized columns advanced from near Sollum but were checked by our forces near Sofafi and bombed by R.A.F. as they retreated. R.A.F. attacked Gambut landing-ground. S.A.A.F. in action for first time in Cyrenaica.

In Abyssinia many air attacks made on forts at Amba Alagi and on enemy camps and troops.

Near East.—Suez Canal zone raided for third successive night.

Iraq.—R.A.F. engaged in punitive operations against rebels.

Home.—Slight enemy air activity by day and night.

General.—Announced that Rudolf Hess, Hitler's Deputy, had flown from Germany to Scotland on May 10.

TUESDAY, MAY 13 *619th day*

Sea.—Admiralty stated that during period May 6–12 our naval forces in Mediterranean destroyed 16 enemy aircraft and damaged six others.

Indian warship Parvati reported lost.

Air.—R.A.F. bombers made successful daylight raid on Heligoland. Shipping and docks at St. Nazaire attacked. Two supply ships hit.

Africa.—Nine light tanks captured in lakes area south of Addis Ababa.

During night of 12–13 Fleet Air Arm attacked convoy in Mediterranean, hitting merchant ship and destroyer. R.A.F. raided Benghazi and landing-ground at Kattavia (Rhodes).

Iraq.—Fleet Air Arm attacked Amara barracks and other targets.

Home.—Slight enemy air activity by day and night in coastal areas. One day and one night raider destroyed.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14 *620th day*

Air.—Coastal Command aircraft torpedoed German supply ship off Dutch coast.

Ostend aerodrome attacked by Hurricanes.

Africa.—Two forces, converging on Amba Alagi, making good progress.

Iraq.—R.A.F. continued to attack rebel positions and military targets.

Home.—Bombs fell by day at points on south coast, east Midlands and eastern England. One night raider destroyed.

THURSDAY, MAY 15 *621st day*

Air.—Bomber Command attacked escorted convoy off Friesian Islands. Three supply ships hit and left burning. Fighter Command carried out offensive sweeps over Channel and Northern France.

Big night raid on Hanover. Other bombers attacked Berlin, Hamburg, Cuxhaven, shipping and docks at Channel ports.

Africa.—British retook Sollum. In Abyssinia, pass of Shashamanna, south of Amba Alagi, was occupied.

Near East.—R.A.F. attacked German aircraft on three Syrian aerodromes. Malta, Crete and Cyprus bombed by Axis aircraft. Nazi-occupied aerodromes in Greece raided.

Iraq.—Announced that German aircraft had landed in Iraq from Syrian airfields. Fleet Air Arm attacked barracks at Amara.

Home.—Enemy air activity in coastal areas. One day and one night raider destroyed.

FRIDAY, MAY 16 *622nd day*

Air.—R.A.F. bombed shipping off Norwegian coast. Supply ship sunk. Heavy night attack on Cologne. Shipping in French and Dutch harbours and many aerodromes also raided. Small force attacked docks at Boulogne.

Africa.—Mechanized troops continued pressure against enemy in Capuzzo area. Successful counter-attack in Tobruk area. Heavy night raid on Benghazi, Derna and Gazala.

British troops captured Dalle, important road junction 35 miles south of Shashamanna, taking 800 prisoners and much war material.

Our troops occupied Dante, It. Somaliland.

Near East.—Heavy night raids on enemy-occupied aerodromes in Greece.

Iraq.—R.A.F. attacked German aircraft on aerodrome at Mosul. Nazis raided Habbaniya.

Home.—Enemy made vain attacks on S.E. airfields. At night west Midlands town was main target. Bombs also fell in area in Southern England. Several R.A.F. aerodromes attacked, but damage and casualties were slight.

Eight day and three night raiders destroyed.

SATURDAY, MAY 17 *623rd day*

Sea.—Announced that H.M. trawler Susarion and drifter Liberty had been sunk.

Air.—Big night raids on French coast from Dunkirk to Boulogne. Heavy bombers again raided Cologne. Smaller-scale attack on Rotterdam.

Africa.—Australians recaptured strong points outside Tobruk. Germans claimed that Sollum and Fort Capuzzo were again in their hands. During night of 16–17 aerodromes at Menastir and Bir Chleta were raided.

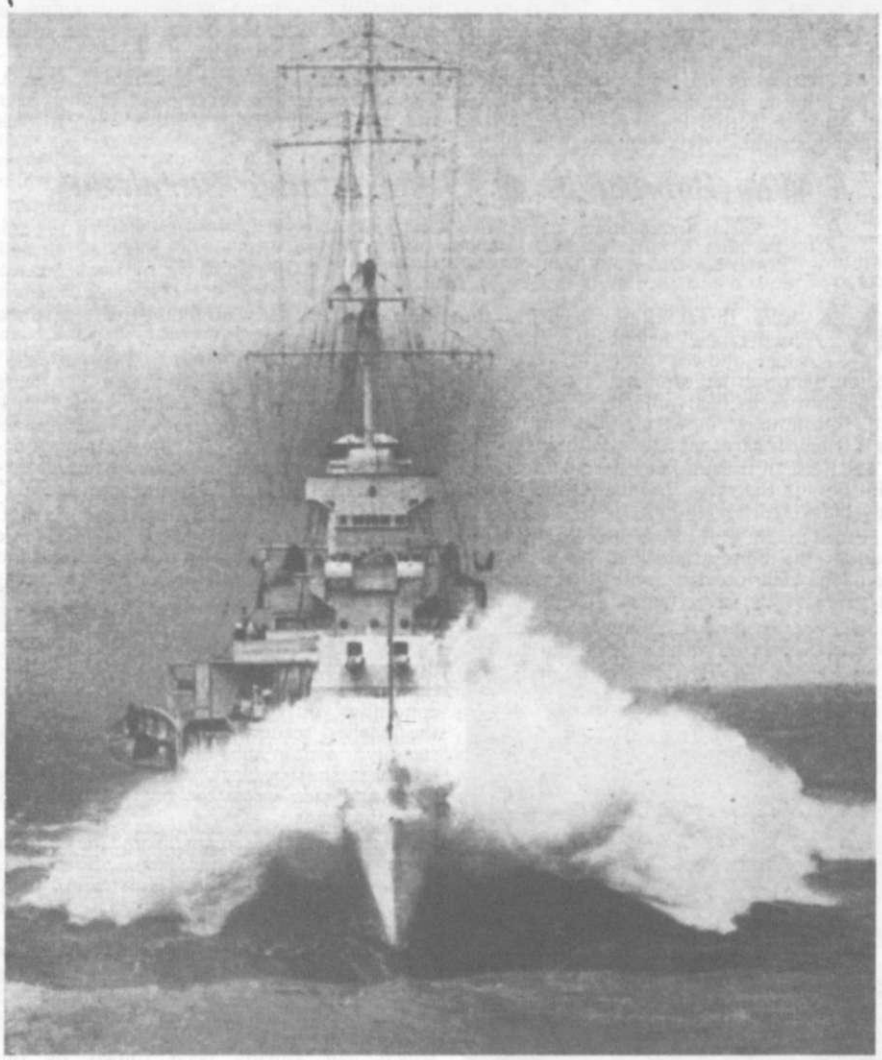
Duke of Aosta asked for terms of surrender of his forces in northern Abyssinia.

Near East.—Day raids by fighters and night onslaughts by bombers continued on enemy-occupied aerodromes in Greece, particularly those at Argos, Menidi and Malaoi.

During night of 17–18 R.A.F. raided Calato aerodrome (Rhodes), causing many fires.

Home.—Small-scale activity over Britain. One day raider destroyed.

SHE SANK A NAZI PIRATE IN THE INDIAN OCEAN



H.M.S. CORNWALL (Capt. P. C. W. Mainwaring, R.N.), which sank a German armed merchant cruiser preying upon ships in the Indian Ocean. Twenty-seven British merchant seamen held prisoner aboard the raider were rescued and 53 of the German crew who survived were captured. The Cornwall, a cruiser of the Kent class, displaces 10,000 tons and has a complement of 679.
Photo, Topical Press